discussion at the annual meeting of the Berkshire Association of Baptist Churches held at Reading two years since, when it was determined to evangelize Ilsley, and several earnest-minded Christians agreed to preach out in the open air, and in cottages. These services were kept up with regularity and perseverance, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. Fuller, of Ashampstead. God's blessing rested on the effort, and several persons were savingly converted. A few months ago, a most suitable piece of ground offered, when it was determined to build a chapel, and on Tuesday, December 6th, opening services were held. Two excellent sermons were preached; that in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Aldis, of Reading; that in the evening by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Abingdon. The Revs. P. G. Scorey, of Wokingham; T. Roberts, of Newbury; and R. Aikenhead, of Wantage, took part in the services. The chapel is a very pretty building, in a good situation, forming quite an ornament to the village. It will seat about 200, without a gallery. There is a baptistery and vestry all complete. The cost, including the purchase of the ground, is about £500. We believe about £200 has been raised. To defray the balance, an appeal is made to the religious public.

Lodge Road, Birmingham.—The recognition services of the Rev. W. Marchant, late of Mr. Spurgeon's College, as pastor of this church, were held on Tuesday, November 22nd. The chair was taken at three o'clock by the Rev. C. Vince, when —after devotional exercises by the Rev. S. Chapman—a very interesting meeting was held. Mr. J. Johnson, the secretary, read a short account of the rise of the church and the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Marchant. A very interesting statement was then made by Mr. Marchant, in which he referred to his conversion, and the causes of his adopting the ministry as his profession, &c. A very able charge was then delivered to the pastor by the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., of London. A tea-meeting was held at half-past five o'clock; after which a public meeting was held at seven o'clock, the Rev. J. P. Barnett in the chair. Very interesting and comprehensive addresses were delivered after the devotional parts of the services—which were conducted by the Rev. W. L. Giles—by the Rev. C. Vince, on "The Relations of the Church to the Pastor;" and by the Rev. R. D. Wilson (Independent), on "The Relation of the Church to the World." The Revs. T. M'Lean, of Harborne; W. Jackson, of Bilston; and J. Davies, also took part in the proceedings.

Ramsey, Hunts.—On Tuesday, November 29th, a new chapel was opened for public worship at the hamlet of Merceside, situated on the border of what was once the largest inland lake in England, Whittlesey Mere. At three o'clock p.m., a discourse was delivered by the Rev. William Robinson, of Cambridge, from Deut. xxxii. 48-52. This was followed by a public tea, of which nearly two hundred persons partook. Afterwards, a crowded public meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. W. H. Wylie, the new chapel being one of two village stations connected with the church under his pastoral care. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. Murray, Peterborough; J. Lyon, Chatteris; G. Towler, Whittlesey; W. Robinson, Cambridge; G. B. Thomas, St. Neot's; and Charles P. Tebbutt, Esq., Bluntisham. The collections of the day amounted to £23. The building is an exceedingly graceful little structure of the Gothic order; it combines elegance with economy, seating two hundred worshippers, at a total cost of less than £300. Of this sum the greater part has been made up from the freewill offerings of the labouring poor of the hamlet and its vicinity, assisted by the wealthier members of the parent church, and friends at a distance.

Capelgwyn, Anglesea.—Services in connexion with the ordination of Mr. David Jones, late of Haverfordwest College, were held at the above place on Monday and Tuesday, November 28th and 29th. On Monday evening, at seven o'clock, the service was commenced with reading and prayer by Mr. D. T. Phillips, of Haverfordwest College, when the Rev. W. Morgan, D.D., Holyhead, preached from 'Galatians vi. 7, 8. On Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, the service was introduced by Mr. G. Jones, when the Rev. J. Williams, of Holyhead, addressed the congregation on the nature of the Christian church; then Dr. Morgan proposed the usual questions to the young pastor, which were answered intelligently and with much emotion. The ordination prayer was then offered by Dr. Morgan. The Rev. J. D. Evans, of Llangefni, then ascended the pulpit, and delivered a thrilling charge to the newly-elected minister from 1 Thess. ii. 10. At two o'clock, the service was commenced by Mr. H. Hughes, when the Revs. D. T. Phillips (fellow-student of Mr. Jones) and W. Morgan, D.D., preached. At six o'clock, the Rev. David Jones commenced by reading and prayer, and the Revs. J. Williams and J. D. Evans preached.

The following appeal, which has been circulated during the present month throughout the churches in connexion with the German Baptist Mission, has just been forwarded by Mr. Oncken to this country, with an earnest request—if possible—to publish a translation in the English Baptist periodicals for January; with a view to obtain contributions for the same object from the friends of the Mission here. The students will be lodged and boarded in a very plain and inexpensive way, in a house belonging to the church at Hamburg; where a good mother in Israel takes charge of them in a temporal point of view, and Mr. Oncken and some of the most able of his coadjutors keep them hard at work, perfecting their acquaintance with the German language, and giving them instruction in Biblical knowledge and criticism, ecclesiastical history, and other important branches of education most necessary to fit them for their future labours in the Lord's vineyard. We subjoin the translation:

"Appeal to the United Churches of Baptized Christians in Germany, Denmark, and the neighbouring countries:—

"The field of labour which the Lord has opened before our churches, has—in the last few years—increased so rapidly, that we are quite unable to meet the ever-recurring demands which come to us from the pastors and elders in almost every district, begging us to send out more labourers into the vineyard. These requests are so urgent, and so well backed up by faithful representations of the great need for such labourers, that the Committee of the Union have resolved to invite to Hamburg such brethren as shall by the several churches be deemed suitable for missionary work; in order that they may there receive such instruction as shall render them fit to enter on their labours.

"In consequence of this invitation, twenty-five brethren have been recommended, and the number will probably be increased to thirty. The care of these brethren, however frugally they may be entertained, will cost far more than the present state of the Mission funds can furnish. We therefore turn with confidence to all the churches of the Union, and ask them to give us the necessary help. And to this end, we recommend to them an average contribution of 1s. from every church member; so that, where some cannot give so much, others may make up the deficiency.

"The course of instruction will, if the Lord permit, commence on the 1st of February; so that we shall be glad to receive the contributions—as far as possible—in January.

"We confidently look for a cheerful and ready compliance with this request, and for the cordial co-operation of the pastors and elders of the churches; especially those amongst them who have in former years themselves enjoyed similar instruction in Hamburg.

"Signed, on behalf of the Committee of the Union, J. G. Oncken, President,
(Now at St. Petersburg.)"

The other names on the committee follow.

We heartily commend this appeal to the sympathy and Christian liberality of our readers.

DOMESTIC.

Deal.—The Baptist chapel, Deal, having been erected fifty years ago, had necessarily succumbed to the influence of time, and was getting into a state of dilapidation. A meeting was called on the 23rd of June, at which the state of the chapel and the necessity of repairs having been discussed, it was resolved to repair the building and improve its internal and external appearance. The work having been brought to a close, it was arranged to celebrate the occasion with a series of jubilee services. On Lord's day, November 13th, the Rev. C. Kirtland, of Canterbury, preached two appropriate sermons. On Tuesday evening, the 15th, a public social tea-meeting was held in the school-room, when two hundred and thirty sat down to tea. The tea over, and the room re-arranged, the public meeting was convened. On the platform, which was tastefully decorated, were the Revs. B. C. Etheridge, of Ramsgate; Crofts, of St. Peter's; Skemp, of Eythorne; J. J. Bartram (Congregationalist), and J. Palmer (Wesleyan), both of Deal; Messrs. Waller and Browning. The Rev. W. Garwood, pastor, presided. Prayer having been offered, the chairman opened the business of the evening by reading from the church-book the preserved minutes of the opening services of the chapel, on the 26th October, 1814, at which were present, the Revs. Dr. Rippon, of London; Giles, of Eythorne; Atwood, of Folkstone; and Cramp, of St. Peter's. The other brethren followed. After each address, a suitable hymn was sung; and a season of jubilant enjoyment was brought to a close which will be long cherished in grateful remembrance. The chapel, now it has been restored, presents a very neat and chaste appearance. The front is composed, and surmounted by a pointed cornice. The piers are of the rusticated pattern, and it may suffice to say that the other features in the front elevation have all been studied with due regard to architectural elegance and consistency. The total outlay was £227 14s.

Ilsley, Berkshire.—Market Ilsley is a large village, a few miles from the town of Newbury, Berkshire. There was only the parish church in this village. The spiritual condition of the locality was brought under

discussion at the annual meeting of the Berkshire Association of Baptist Churches held at Reading two years since, when it was determined to evangelize Ilsley, and several earnest-minded Christians agreed to preach out in the open air, and in cottages. These services were kept up with regularity and perseverance, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. Fuller, of Ashampstead. God's blessing rested on the effort, and several persons were savingly converted. A few months ago, a most suitable piece of ground offered, when it was determined to build a chapel, and on Tuesday, December 6th, opening services were held. Two excellent sermons were preached; that in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Aldis, of Reading; that in the evening by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Abingdon. The Revs. P. G. Scorey, of Wokingham; T. Roberts, of Newbury; and R. Aikenhead, of Wantage, took part in the services. The chapel is a very pretty building, in a good situation, forming quite an ornament to the village. It will seat about 200, without a gallery. There is a baptistery and vestry all complete. The cost, including the purchase of the ground, is about £500. We believe about £200 has been raised. To defray the balance, an appeal is made to the religious public.

LODER ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.—The recognition services of the Rev. W. Marchant, late of Mr. Spurgeon's College, as pastor of this church, were held on Tuesday, November 22nd. The chair was taken at three o'clock by the Rev. C. Vince, when —after devotional exercises by the Rev. S. Chapman—a very interesting meeting was held. Mr. J. Johnson, the secretary, read a short account of the rise of the church and the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Marchant. A very interesting statement was then made by Mr. Marchant, in which he referred to his conversion, and the causes of his adopting the ministry as his profession, &c. A very able charge was then delivered to the pastor by the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., of London. A tea-meeting was held at half-past five o'clock; after which a public meeting was held at seven o'clock, the Rev. J. P. Barnett in the chair. Very interesting and comprehensive addresses were delivered after the devotional parts of the services—which were conducted by the Rev. W. L. Giles—by the Rev. C. Vince, on "The Relations of the Church to the Pastor;" and by the Rev. R. D. Wilson (Independent), on "The Relation of the Church to the World." The Revs. T. M'Lean, of Harborne; W. Jackson, of Bilston; and J. Davies, also took part in the proceedings.

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CAPELGWYN, ANGLESEA.—Services in connexion with the ordination of Mr. David Jones, late of Haverfordwest College, were held at the above place on Monday and Tuesday, November 28th and 29th. On Monday evening, at seven o'clock, the service was commenced with reading and prayer by Mr. D. T. Phillips, of Haverfordwest College, when the Rev. W. Morgan, D.D., Holyhead, preached from 'Galatians vi. 7, 8. On Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, the service was introduced by Mr. G. Jones, when the Rev. J. Williams, of Holyhead, addressed the congregation on the nature of the Christian church; then Dr. Morgan proposed the usual questions to the young pastor, which were answered intelligently and with much emotion. The ordination prayer was then offered by Dr. Morgan. The Rev. J. D. Evans, of Llangefni, then ascended the pulpit, and delivered a thrilling charge to the newly-elected minister from I Thess. ii. 10. At two o'clock, the service was commenced by Mr. H. Hughes, when the Revs. D. T. Phillips (fellow-student of Mr. Jones) and W. Morgan, D.D., preached. At six o'clock, the Rev. David Jones commenced by reading and prayer, and the Revs. J. Williams and J. D. Evans preached.

LUTON ROAD, CHATHAM.—The branch school-room and chapel which have been erected by the friends connected with Zion Chapel, Clover-street, Chatham, to meet the religious requirements of this rapidly growing district, were opened for worship on Lord's day afternoon, November 20th, when the Rev. John Lewis preached from Acts iv. 20. The place was crowded, and many went away unable to obtain admittance. On Monday evening, the opening was inaugurated by a tea-meeting. About three hundred persons sat down to tea. The meeting after tea was opened by prayer offered by Mr. Mann. The Rev. J. Lewis presided, and after expressing his congratulations to the friends, and his gratitude to God for the happy circumstances which brought them together, he called upon the treasurer (Mr. Watchurst) to read his financial statement. From this it appeared that the building, which consisted of two large rooms, upper and lower, forty feet by thirty, cost £533 6s. 9d., and that the subscriptions amounted to £231 11s. 3d. Messrs. Love, Belsey, Whitehead, Wyles, Phibbs, Parnell, Rice, and Saker then addressed the meeting.

ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.—The ordination of the Rev. Isaac Bridge, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, took place on Wednesday, December 14th. At half-past two o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Porson, of Aldingham, introduced the service by reading the Scriptures and prayer. The Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Diss, proposed the usual questions,—which were suitably answered,—and offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. J. Webb, of Ipswich, delivered the charge, and concluded the solemn and impressive service. At five o'clock, a large company sat down to tea; after which the Rev. J. Browning, of Framlingham (Independent), introduced the service by reading the Scriptures and prayer, and the Rev. J. Frith (Independent), of Saxmundham, preached an earnest sermon to the church and congregation. Other ministers also took part in the services of this interesting day. The congregations have so much improved since the residence of Mr. Bridge in Aldborough, that the church contemplate enlarging the chapel to accommodate their friends.

LUTON, BEDS.—On Wednesday evening, November 30th, an interesting service was held in Union Chapel, Luton, for the purpose of recognizing the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, late of Harlow, as pastor of the church and congregation. Upwards of four hundred persons sat down to tea, and, in spite of most unfavourable weather, a large number of persons afterwards assembled in the chapel. The Rev. T. Hands, the senior minister in the town, presided. After an appropriate and admirable address from the chairman, Mr. Clarke, a deacon of the church, read a statement of the circumstances which had led to Mr. Stevenson's settlement; and Mr. Stevenson read a paper stating his views and intentions in entering on the pastorate of the church. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. Dr. Katterns, of Hackney; I. Preston, of Chesham; H. Ashbery, and D. F. Boston, B.A., of Luton; by Mr. Strange; and by Mr. Heaton, of London. Several neighbouring ministers were prevented from attending.

NORTH PARADE, HALIFAX.—On Tuesday evening, November 29th, a meeting was held in the school-room under North Parade Chapel, Halifax, when the Rev. Charles Clark, who had just accepted the pastorate of the church in Maze Pond, London, received as a parting gift at the hands of friends in the church and congregation, a handsome gold watch and guard, accompanied by a suitable address. Mrs. Clark was—at the same time—presented with a beautiful lady's dressing-case, and a handsomely got-up album, the latter being a gift from the members of her class in the Sunday school. After tea, of which upwards of two hundred and fifty partook, the Rev. Bryan Dale, M.A., took the chair, and the presentations were made by Mr. William Duckitt, Mr. William Robinson, and Mr. John Green Noble, who severally addressed the meeting. Other speakers followed, including the Rev. Thomas Michael, and Mr. Clark made a suitable reply. The proceedings throughout were very interesting.

BARTHOLOMEW STREET, EXETER.—A deeply-interesting meeting was held on Tuesday evening, November 29th, in the above place of worship, to welcome the Rev. John Field, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, on his acceptance of the pastorate of the church. About three hundred and fifty friends assembled to tea. After tea, John Wilson, Esq., the senior deacon, was called to the chair. The Rev. U. Foot, of Collumpton, engaged in prayer. After a few appropriate remarks from the chairman, most affectionate greetings and counsels were addressed to the pastor and church by the Revs. C. Baker, of Bradninch; E. Webb, of Tiverton; D. Hewitt, pastor of Castle Street Independent church; J. Price, late of Montacute; J. Kings, of Torquay; T. Cannon, of Newton Abbot; and S. Mann, pastor of the sister Baptist church in South Street. The engagements of the

evening were closed with an earnest and touching address by the newly-chosen pastor.

COTTENHAM, CAMBS.—A meeting of a very interesting character was held in the old Baptist chapel in this village, on Tuesday, November 22nd, to welcome the Rev. J. C. Wells, late of Houghton, Hunts, as pastor of the church. In the afternoon, an eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. H. B. Robinson, of Soham, from Rev. i. 12, 13; after which about two hundred friends partook of tea. In the evening, a public meeting was held, G. Livett, Esq., of Cambridge, occupying the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by the Revs. T. A. Williams, Haddenham; J. S. Wyard, late pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Cottenham; G. Sear, Histon; J. C. Wooster, Landbeach; H. B. Robinson, Soham; also by the newly-elected pastor, who gave a clear and satisfactory statement of his conversion and call to the ministry. The meeting was brought to a close by the choir, who had rendered efficient service during the evening.

CARRICKFERGUS.—On Lord's day, December 11th, opening sermons were preached in the new Baptist chapel, Carrickfergus, by the Rev. R. M. Henry, of Belfast, in the forenoon, and by the Rev. John Douglas, of Portadown, in the evening. On the following Monday evening, a tea-meeting was held in the same place, which was largely attended. After tea, D. Pasley, Esq., was called to the chair, and the meeting was addressed by the Revs. Mr. Price (Wesleyan); Mr. Reve (Wesleyan Association); Mr. Close (Reformed Presbyterian); Mr. Douglas; Mr. Fletcher (Independent); Mr. Alridge, of Dublin, &c. The Rev. R. M. Henry concluded these interesting services by prayer. The pastor and members of the church will not soon forget the Christian kindness of their friends of different denominations upon these occasions.

EDINBURGH.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached on Sunday, November 27th, afternoon and evening, in the Music-hall, Edinburgh. Admission was free by ticket, and the collections were on behalf of the Duncan Street, Newington, Baptist church (the Rev. Mr. Tulloch's), to aid in the payment of the cost of the place of worship they purchased some time ago from the Newington United Presbyterian congregation. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon from Hosea xiv. 5–7; and in the evening from Ezekiel xxxvi. 9. The audiences were privileged to hear two admirable discourses; they manifested marked attention, and were apparently much impressed. Mr. Spurgeon—at the conclusion of the evening service—bespoke the sympathy of friends in other denominations for the congregation whose interests had brought him to Edinburgh.

HAWLEY ROAD, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, LONDON.—On Thursday evening, December 1st, a meeting was held at this chapel, of which the Rev. Edward White is minister, for the purchase and enlargement of the building, when nearly £1,000 was subscribed. Mr. White has for nearly thirteen years occupied the chapel, at a heavy rent; and it has at length become insufficient for the purposes of the congregation. It is proposed to provide accommodation for four hundred and ninety additional attendants, the large increase of the population leaving the church-room still greatly in arrear. It will be seen that the minister and congregation intend to make an appeal to the public for assistance in carrying out their proposed improvements, which will cost a little more than £2,500.

PAULTON, SOMERSET.—The Rev. Evan Davies, of Pembroke Dock, having accepted the pastorate of the church here, an interesting and congratulatory tea-meeting and service was held on Monday, December 12th. The Rev. T. Davies, of Cheddar (late pastor), occupied the chair, and speeches calculated to counsel and encourage both pastor and people were delivered by the Rev. W. C. Pratt and Rev. E. Clarke. Increasing congregations and a deep spirit of inquiry are evident tokens that the divine blessing rests on the recent union.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. J. Jenkinson (late of Oakham) has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Stanwick, near Higham Ferrers. Mr. Jenkinson's residence is still (for the present) at Kettering.—Mr. T. E. Rowlands, of the Baptist College, North Wales, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the church and congregation meeting at the Baptist chapel, Tenyvelin, Caerphilly, Glamorganshire, to become their pastor.—The Rev. Evan Davis, late of Pembroke Dock, commenced his labours, as pastor of the Baptist church, Paulton, Somerset, on Lord's day, November 6th, with cheering prospects of usefulness.—Mr. R. Sampson, of the Bristol Baptist College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at St. Austell, Cornwall, to become its pastor, and will commence his labours there on the first Lord's day in January.—The Rev. W. Salter, late of Lineholme, has accepted the invitation of the churches at Coalville and

Whitwick to be their pastor, and commenced his stated ministry on Sunday, Dec. 4. His address will be for the future, Coalville, Leicestershire.—The Rev. J. Cholerton, late of Coalville, has retired on account of ill health, and is now residing in Leicester.—The Rev. William Giddings has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Yelling, Hunts, and entered upon his labours on the second Sunday in October.—The Rev. E. Taylor recently resigned the pastorate of the church at Marlow. He has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Acton, which is at present (during the building of the new chapel) worshipping in the Independent chapel.—The Rev. William Cheetham, late of Tring, Herts, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Briercliffe, Lancashire, and purposes entering upon his labours the first Sunday in the new year.—The Rev. R. Bayne, late of Langham, has accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation of the church at Rickmansworth, and enters upon his labours there on the first Sunday in the new year.—In consequence of the failure of his health, the Rev. T. F. Newman has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the Baptist church at Shortwood, Gloucestershire, which he has held for the period of nearly thirty-three years.—Mr. D. George, student of Pontypool College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of Short Lane Baptist church, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, and intends (D. V.) commencing his labours on the first Lord's day in January.—Mr. T. Thomas, another student of the above college, has accepted the unanimous call of the Waenbrodan Baptist church, Glamorganshire, and intends (D. V.) commencing his ministry in May.—Mr. T. Philips, of the same college, will, in compliance with the unanimous request of the church, enter upon the pastorate of Berea Blaenau, Monmouthshire, on the first Lord's day in January.—Mr. P. Phillips, also a student of the above college, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist churches Maescanar and Llangenach, Carmarthenshire, and will (D. V.) commence his labours on the first Lord's day in January.—The Rev. Joseph Upton Davis, B.A., late of Hull, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Kingsbridge, and will enter on his duties there on the first Sabbath in the new year.—The Rev. J. H. Gordon, who has been supplying the church at Astley Bridge, Bolton-le-Moors, for the past year, has received and accepted a most cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Archer Street church, Darlington, late the Rev. W. P. Grant's; and hopes to enter on his labours there early in the new year.

GENERAL.

FRENCH PERSECUTION OF MISSIONARIES IN THE SOUTH SEAS.—A letter from the Rev. S. Macfarlane, agent of the London Missionary Society at Lifu, one of the Loyalty Group of the South Sea Islands, relates a strange tale of religious persecution by the French authorities. The story was briefly referred to in our last issue. The missionaries of the London Society have laboured in these islands for nearly twenty years, and the Protestant religion has been generally accepted by the natives. A few years ago the Roman Catholic missionaries established stations there, and of course made every effort to convert the heretics to the true faith. To aid their proselytising efforts they have just called in the aid of the sword. The French governor of New Caledonia, in the month of June last, sent a detachment of French soldiers to take possession of the island of Lifu in the name of the French Government. Shortly afterwards, the governor himself arrived in Lifu with 300 soldiers. Immediately after his arrival he forbade the missionaries to conduct schools, and allowed his soldiers and the few Roman Catholic natives of the place to plunder the houses of the Protestants. When Mr. Macfarlane conducted service in his chapel, the place was surrounded by French soldiers, who made all the worshippers prisoners. On the latter attempting to escape, the soldiers fired upon them, and killed several. They stabbed a woman, who was hiding in the chapel, in six or seven places, and committed many similar atrocities. The native teachers and all the persons connected with the mission, except Mr. Macfarlane and family, were sent on board the vessels in irons, while the latter were made prisoners in their own house. The village was then burnt down, and the chapel used as a barrack. After the governor thought he had sufficiently vindicated French authority, he invited the natives to rebuild their houses and become good French subjects. They would be allowed to profess any religion they liked, but none except Roman Catholics would be allowed to assemble for worship. Of course the governor's report of this affair will have quite a different colour, but it is difficult to see how he can disguise the fact that he has behaved most cruelly to the poor people of the island, and most oppressively towards a British subject engaged in lawful missionary work.

THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE COLONIES.—The Rev. J. C. Kisby, Congregational minister of Queensland, appealing, through *The Patriot*, for more ministerial help, writes:—"The kind of men required is those who are able to endure some hardship, who are ready of speech, have a good knowledge of their own tongue, some acquaintance with New Testament Greek, who are able to argue the religious questions which agitate the Christian world,—such as inspiration of Scripture, the expiatory nature of our Lord's suffering and death, and eternal damnation. For, as I have found, these things are debated as keenly in the remote bush as in the centres of thought. Without a man can argue them in a manly way, without turning up his eyes in pious horror, he is set down for a milksop, and had better stop in England to coddle by the fireside. Moreover, a minister in these backwoods must be able to hear a volley of oaths without winking, and then take a suitable time for reproving the swearer. It should be understood that this is missionary work; therefore, sentimental gentlemen are at a discount. Be it observed that gentlemen with no theology in particular, who can charm the imagination, but cannot make Bible truths manifest to the conscience, are better in England, as there are more young ladies there than here. There is no power in mere poetic fancies to drive away such strong devils as take possession of men's souls in Queensland. Let no man expect to find in our country towns nice churches, well-built houses, and well-paved streets. I am at Dalby, which is called the capital of the Darling Downs. There are 700 inhabitants in this town, no made streets at all, no church of any kind in the place. I preach in the Union Hall, which noble building is covered with bark, and lets in the rain in about twenty places. It would not be thought a decent stable in England. On the week-day it is used for a school, a theatre, and a dancing-room."

"GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS."—The following (says a correspondent) is a verbatim copy of an advertisement which appears among the ordinary advertisements in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, for Sunday, November 20th, 1864:—"A priest (or parson), with two godfathers and one godmother, wanted, to do for a child, born on the 1st, according to what is stated in the baptismal service of the Church of England, as is worded in their respective Prayer-books.—N. B.—A handsome remuneration will be made to parties performing, but testimonials will be required that all shall be performed as is promised and vowed to by them, without proviso; 1st, That the child is regenerated and made an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; 2nd, That the vowing parties will live to carry out their solemn vows; 3rd, That the child shall be kept from all temptations of the devil, that she shall keep all God's commandments, and walk in the same all the days of her life.—Apply to H. Browning, 4, Holly Terrace, Wyndham Road, Camberwell."

THE WESLEYANS AND THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—At the meeting of the Chapel Building Fund in City Road, Dr. Waddy, who was not long since president of the conference, is reported by *The Watchman* as thus expressing himself:—"He should deeply regret their being driven into a position of active hostility and agitation, which, however justifiable it might be, would, in the first instance, be greatly prejudicial to the spirituality of their churches; and for a time, the work of conversion would be hindered. But if their dead were to be insulted, and if people married by them were to be told that they were not married at all, and their children were illegitimate; if the consciences of their people were to be disturbed, and the sacred and hallowed relations of their families to be questioned, then it might become necessary for them, at whatever amount of present risk, to take their stand and keep it."

Editorial Notes for the Month.

WE closed our last number by wishing our readers a Happy New Year. Now that the New Year has come, we would repeat and renew the wish,—adding to it the hope that to each and all the year may bring blessings both spiritual and temporal, and that it may furnish many fresh tokens of the love and tenderness of the all-loving Father, who, "having loved his own, loveth them unto the end."

The year that has gone has presented the usual vicissitudes. In our own personal history there have been to all of us times of rejoicing and times for tears; and what is true of our personal history is true also of the nation and of the world. It is cause of thankfulness that England does not begin the year amidst the horrors of war. How easily it might have been otherwise, those who recall the events which were occurring only twelve months since will see and understand. True, if we have abstained from war, it has been at the cost of seeing a feeble and friendly nation—bound to us by many ties—ruthlessly devastated and plundered; and that is among the painful circumstances of the year. War has also continued to rage among our brethren and kinsfolk in America. That internecine conflict appears to be no nearer to its end. Slavery, however, is wounded to its death; and not even Southern valour can long preserve it. Not the least cause of thankfulness, in looking back to the past year is, that the supreme power in the United States remains still in the hands of one who has declared emphatically, for the nation and for himself, that "slavery must be destroyed."

The ecclesiastical history of the year has not been without significance. Not in vain, surely, have been the earnest discussions, both in and out of the Church of England, that Mr. Spurgeon's famous sermon aroused. By no means without importance either have been the signs of dissatisfaction with the modes of settlement of Ecclesiastical and Doctrinal differences in the Church, which have been shown by some of the most earnest and thoughtful Churchmen. We believe we do not exaggerate the importance of the event, when we speak with profound thankfulness of the decision formed by our own body, to call for "an inquiry" into Ecclesiastical relations, and to make the demand a ground of electoral action when an election shall come. Respecting that decision, our readers will hear more soon. When the time for action arrives, we trust that they, and all Baptists, will be found to be worthy of their fathers, and faithful to their duty both to God and man.

What lies before us during the coming year, we cannot tell. Some whom it has been our privilege to address, have passed away during the year that has gone: others, doubtless, will be called to the Father's house during the year on which we enter to-day. Every year increases our responsibilities. Every year lessens the distance between us and the goal to which we are so rapidly hastening. Oh, to be enabled to do *all* our work "as under the great Taskmaster's eye"! Nothing that comes to us can do us *real* harm, if we live only near to God, and walk under his direction and by his guidance. Let us derive strength from the thought, that all our ways are in his hands, and that he will not fail to be, in the future as in the past, our "very present" Helper and Friend—"a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

With these words of hope and trust, we wish our readers once more A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

THE WEEKLY OFFERING.

The question of Christian giving has of late become one of the most prominent of all the more practical questions which Christian men have to solve. The machinery of religious enterprise is continually augmenting; this continually augmenting machinery cannot be worked without a continually augmenting expenditure; and the question cannot be put aside as to how this continually augmenting expenditure is to be met.

In a brief magazine article this important subject cannot, of course, be discussed; yet a few words respecting it, with a view to the recommendation of the principle and the practice of the "Weekly Offering," may not be without their use.

The spirit which should prompt and pervade our Christian giving ought to be well defined and conscientiously cultivated. Justice before generosity, always. If a man owe £1,000, and have only £500 wherewith to pay, he cannot contribute £100 to the cause of Christ, or to any other cause, without giving away that which properly belongs to others. Sometimes it is said that a man ought not to give anything to a collection until he has paid all his debts. This, however, would involve the virtual destruction of all practical benevolence; for few men are ever without a bill to pay. The obligation to decline giving will depend upon the prospect which a man has of being able to pay his bills when they become due. Yet it is obvious that you would be no more justified in contributing to a collection that which you owe to a brother tradesman, than in surreptitiously abstracting the same sum from that brother tradesman's cash-box. Moreover, as giving should be just, so should it be judicious. "Good nature" is beautiful; and the lack of it is a serious defect in human character. But so long as it is a thing of good feeling without good judgment, it is as likely to go wrong in its operations as right,—as likely to support that which ought to be left to starve as that which deserves to live. No one likes to find himself in the hands of an impostor; yet many persons are easily wrought upon by a plausible story. Present to them a case with a few tragical elements in it, and out their money comes (if they happen to have any) without a moment's inquiry as to whether the statements by

which their sympathies have been touched are facts or fictions, or whether, being facts, they make the appeal a good one or not. Some men have their hobbies. One buys expensive walking-sticks by the score to distribute among his friends; another thinks that hospitals are the only institutions in the country that are worth supporting; another, with whom the writer is personally acquainted, has spent a fortune upon some unintelligible and impracticable crotchet respecting the currency question! Probably all our readers have a little money to *give* away; but none of them have any to *throw* away: let their giving, therefore, be reserved for objects which they can satisfactorily test and relatively measure. Ostentatious giving, like all other ostentatious deeds, is offensive in the extreme. The Pharisees used to do their alms before men that they might be seen of them. Our readers remember the rebuke which their vanity received from the Great Teacher; yet they have their successors to this day. Many amongst us give, not because their money is needed, but because the giving of it will place their names upon blazing subscription-lists, in company with those of lords, and baronets, and squires! Furthermore, "The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver;" so do those who derive *benefit* from the giving. Parsimony is hateful; but the "charity" of some men is more hateful still; for they give sourly, suspiciously, reluctantly, and because it is more agreeable to give a little than to be teased much. A rich man yields an alms to a poor man, not because he pities him, but because "of his importunity." The poor man takes the alms because he does not know how to do without it; but he sees that it is yielded grudgingly, and so it excites neither admiration nor thankfulness in his heart. Give with a blithe and smiling countenance, with a genial hand, with a brother's love, and with a fulness of sympathy which shall be akin to the charity of him who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." Why should our benevolence wait for some passionate pleader? To be liberal after a Christian manner is to have a heart for giving like that which our blessed Master had. Occasionally he withheld for a while the boon which was sought at his hands; not, however, because he was loath to yield it, but only to test the stamina of the applicant's faith. "He came to *seek*" as well as "to save that which was lost." "Go thou, and do likewise."

The reader would become impatient if any space were occupied in exposing the unchristian character of various factitious methods which are often employed for gaining money for Christian purposes, of which bazaars may be reckoned the chief. These expedients are immeasurably below the high principle of liberality which our holy religion inculcates, and which it never fails to deposit in the hearts of those who truly receive it. Money raised for Christian purposes by other than Christian means is not likely to produce Christian results. How can the church convince the world of its strength and purity so long as it consents to fall back on artificial methods of support? The sooner these are all abandoned in favour of giving according to the intrinsic claims of every case upon our individual resources, the better will good men promote the reputation of the faith they profess.

It is obvious at a glance, however, that giving such as this can only be carried out successfully as it is carried out systematically. We are required to calculate our actual receipts on the one hand, and our necessary expenditure on the other, and then to devote a liberal but definite proportion of the balance to the objects of Christian benevolence. If our contributions proceed upon any other principle, we are sure to contribute in a measure disproportionate to our means. Our liberality is to be gauged as to its amount by the measure of our resources. Beyond these we must not go; short of these we must not halt. "As God hath prospered us:" that is the scriptural standard. Do you say, "I know not how to calculate my gains"? What! are you doing business in the dark? Are you engaged in random or indefinite speculations, the probable issues of which you cannot foresee? Is there no method by which you can strike an honest periodical balance? How do you contrive, as an upright tradesman, to settle the amount of your income-tax? When that is the problem you have to solve, you probably put your profits at their minimum! Do not, however, be mean enough to cramp the standard ("as God hath prospered you") when calculating your profits with a view to ascertain the extent to which your liberality should reach. Not that we are to gain as *much* as possible, to spend upon ourselves and families as *little* as possible, and to give the rest away. Such a requirement would imply that selfishness is the motive by which God is actuated even in the more liberal gifts of his Providence! Yet we are to give "as God hath prospered us." That is God's demand; let us not be unjust to him. No uniform proportion is named. One who gives only a twentieth part of his income may in reality give twenty times as much as another who gives as much as a third; that is, the personal sacrifice may be twenty times as great in the one case as in the other. The increase of gain will require a corresponding increase in the *proportion* contributed.

To what principle in our nature does this demand appeal? To the principle of *gratitude*. You come home with your week's wages, saying: "I have earned it." Forget not your obligation to him who gave you power and opportunity to earn it. You make a good bargain: we will suppose it to be an honest one, for otherwise in *no* sense can it be good. You say: "*I* made it." Forget not the claim of him who enabled you to make it. You are a successful tradesman; and, unless you are among the selfish grumblers whom nothing will satisfy, you say: "I did very well last year." Forget not him who smiled upon your toil, and made it prosperous. Turn your heart gratefully towards him, and consecrate all you can spare to his glory. Remember that ingratitude is only a form of injustice.

As our giving is to be proportioned to our prosperity, so must it be systematic; but it can only be systematically proportionate as it is systematically *provided for*. This brings us to the recognition of the principle of periodical "storing." "Let every one of you *lay by him in store* as God hath prospered him." Our gifts must not be left dependent upon the amount of loose cash we may happen to have at hand at any given moment. Our resources must be carefully husbanded. Put aside

your proportion periodically into a separate fund, which you shall solemnly regard as consecrated to the Lord, and which you would feel it to be sacrilege to apply to any other than a religious purpose.

Periodically, we say. The apostle recommends a *weekly* storing, and suggests that the day chosen for the purpose be "the first day of the week." The suggestion is not without its intrinsic force. We are all influenced by the law of association. What is this first day of the week more than any other day? It is the Sabbath—the day of rest; the day which good people specially and formally consecrate to God; the day on which they throw their minds and hearts more exclusively into religious exercises; the day on which they thank God for the mercies of the week which is gone, and pray for the continuance of God's mercies through the week which has commenced; the day which commemorates the resurrection of Him who loved us and gave himself for us; the day which comes as a frequent earnest of the rest which remaineth for the people of God in heaven, and into which they shall enter when they have done with the toils and calculations of time. This is the day on which we are to lay by in store for the Lord as the Lord hath prospered us. Find a fitter season for such an act the year round, if you can. All the associations of the day are genial and holy, disposing the heart to the indulgence of its nobler feelings, and prompting us to bring into the gifts of the hand a serener and purer piety than that which commonly belongs to the actions of the other days of the week.

The practice here urged is within the reach of all, and, therefore, becomes the duty of all. "Each one of you." Why should a poor man be exempted from this duty of periodically laying by a portion of what he earns for the cause of charity and of Christ, any more than one who is rich or well-to-do? Every duty may be contemplated under the aspect of a privilege, and every privilege under the aspect of a duty. The indigent Christian, if in earnest, will no more *wish* to escape this obligation than the Christian into whose treasury the wealth of the world is flowing. The *proportion* to be contributed by the poor may be different from that to be contributed by the rich, whilst the *spirit* of sincere, thoughtful, and systematic liberality is the same in both. Offered from a Christian motive, that is, in simple love to the Saviour, the penny a week of those whose earnings are scanty may be as valuable in the sight of God, and in his kingdom may be made to go as far, as the £20 or £50 a week presented by those whose gains are to be reckoned by many thousands a year. As none are too poor to receive the benefits of religion, so none (unless they be literally pauperized) are too poor to help in conferring the benefits of religion on others. The rich and the poor alike should profit by the example of the widow who cast two mites—"all she had"—into the treasury of the temple. A small sum given at short but regular intervals may be easy, whilst a larger sum contributed at longer intervals would be impossible, though the larger sum would be less than the aggregate of the smaller sums contributed in the same space of time. Many would find no difficulty in the sacrifice of a penny a week, who now give nothing, because they cannot afford to give sixpence or a shilling on any one occasion.

The advantages of such a system are innumerable. Note some of the chief of these. The duty and the honour of supporting God's cause would be equalized; giving would cease to be a thing of mere mood, impulse, and caprice, and would rise into a thing of intelligence and of principle; individual churches would free themselves from financial difficulties which often lie at the foundation of unwholesome changes, disastrous disputes, discouragements which bring on paralysis, and weaknesses which threaten death; the resources at the disposal of the Christian community for evangelizing the world would be tenfold larger than they are; the labour of canvassing for, and collecting, subscriptions, would be no longer needed, whilst the energy and time required for it might be employed in other and better directions; and, lastly, the voluntary principle would take its highest form, and achieve its most splendid triumphs.

Of course, it will not be supposed that, in giving this development to the advice of the apostle to the Corinthians, we claim for that advice the authority which belongs to a distinct and formal scriptural law. It was offered simply as suggesting an efficient method of contributing to the necessities of the poor saints in Judea; and its fitness to such a case is seen at a glance. But the value of the suggestion is not lost with the expiration of the special circumstances which called it forth. Other exigencies may occur in which it must be regarded as equally appropriate and equally useful. It is dwelt upon here only because it shadows forth the standard to which our whole Christian giving should be conformed, and the method in which that standard may be most easily reached. The question of the *standard* is of primary importance; the question of the *method* may be left to the preference or the convenience of the individual Christian. You are not bound to observe the direction of the apostle in the precise form in which it stands; but the *principle* which constitutes its life and force is one from which you can only escape by an abnegation of the claim of that glorious Lord whose you are and whom you profess to serve.

A SUNDAY IN DRESDEN.

We were a party of three, travelling for a few days in Saxony; and as we desired to spend the Sunday as much as possible like we should have spent it had we been at home, we remained over that day in Dresden. We knew beforehand that there were no Baptists in the city, and that, therefore, we should be denied the privilege of meeting with our own people. Consequently, about nine o'clock on the Sunday morning we set out from the Hotel Belle Vue, in search of the Frauenkirche, or Church of our Lady. We had little difficulty in finding it. It is a large edifice, capable of holding three thousand people; and in its external appearance is somewhat handsome and imposing. Its lofty dome is built entirely of stone; and the strength of it may be judged from the fact, that when, in 1760, Frederick the Great battered it with his artillery, the heaviest balls and shells failed to make the slightest impression. The interior of the church is arranged after the plan of a theatre; there is the pit, and there are the boxes and five tiers of galleries. The front of the lowest gallery was adorned with portraits of the two reformers, Luther and Melancthon. Two

large wax candles were burning on the altar, while between them stood a crucifix. An immense painting, the subject of which, from the place where we sat, we could not distinguish, formed an altar-piece. The organ and the choir are perched high up above the altar; and every now and then the boys who constituted the choir amused themselves by jumping up to look over the front, and see what was going on below.

It was our privilege to witness three services in one, or, to speak more correctly, three services following one another in immediate succession. When we entered, there were not more than three hundred persons assembled, and the majority were women, belonging, evidently, to the poorer class. Only half-a-dozen came in afterwards. With so small a congregation, therefore, the place presented a desolate appearance.

The minister, dressed in the garb of a Lutheran clergyman, was reading prayers. After prayers and the singing of a hymn, he began to preach, taking for his text Acts vii. 57–60. The sermon, though destitute of formal arrangement, displayed power, and was delivered with much animation. On account of the size of the church and its emptiness, it was a difficult matter to hear distinctly. The substance of the discourse was this. Stephen was the first martyr of the Christian faith. By his death he proved his truth and sincerity. He was unmoved by the fear of man. He acknowledged Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and preached him to the people as the Saviour of their souls, at the risk of his life. We must look with self-reproach and shame on such an example of fidelity. We profess the same faith as Stephen; let us prove our possession of it by bringing forth the fruits of righteousness. We must confess Christ before men, that he may confess us hereafter. Christ says to us at times: "Where is your faith? Where your Christian spirit? Where are your works of righteousness?" To the faith of the Christian church we owe it that the truth has not been vanquished by its enemies. God has given us his Spirit to shine in our hearts through the exercise of faith. Let us rejoice in this light. As was the death of Christ on the cross, around which all Christians assemble, so is the death of this Christian hero, and of all Christian heroes throughout all ages of the world. Let us prize the faith of Christians as a costly jewel, and follow in the steps of all Christian champions to glory.

As soon as the sermon was ended, the preacher hurriedly repeated a few prayers; among them, one for some persons who were about to be married, and the Lord's prayer, looking, during the repetition of the latter, at the crucifix on the altar. He then ran down the pulpit stairs, and disappeared through a small side door. The choir began to sing a hymn. Forty or fifty persons, of both sexes, who, during the sermon, had occupied several forms on an elevation in front of the altar, retired into a side chapel. The bulk of the congregation withdrew, leaving only ourselves and a few others behind. We sat for about twenty minutes; the choir singing all the while; the organ pealing; and two or three sparrows, that were flying about the church, occasionally chirping, to relieve the monotony of the interminable hymn.

While we were thus waiting, we asked an old lady who sat behind us, what the persons were doing who had gone into the side chapel. She said they were confessing, and receiving absolution, prior to the communion, for which every communicant gave the minister a *neugroschen* (not quite a penny farthing of our money). Formerly, she said, when people were more pious than they are now, they used to confess once every three months; but now they only confess twice a year, in many cases only once. When we entered into a little more personal conversation with the old lady, she admitted that, for herself, she had little faith in the efficacy of the minister's absolution, as she knew that none could forgive sin but God.

however, he compelled himself to say, more cheerfully, "Ah, well; if he must, he must! You will still come to supper?"

"Thank you, no; it will be late," replied the minister, "and my wife——"

"Mrs. Melbourne will go with us?" said the deacon. "My wife expects her. We shall sup at nine precisely."

"And your prayer-meeting?"

"Can be put off till next week." Mr. Hervey was smiling now. "The fact is," said he, "I have ordered a favourite hot dish, which is spoiled if not eaten *instanter*." This was said playfully, but in a tone which left no doubt as to the earnestness of the speaker. Mr. Melbourne looked grave.

"May I remind you of the object which you have in view in these meetings for prayer?"

"Certainly. We are anxious, I take it, that an end should be put to the discord which prevents our working well together as deacons."

"Why?"

"My dear sir, can you ask? Must not discord in the vestry hinder the prosperity of the church? Will the contending parties be likely to grow in grace, and to be whole-hearted in their work for Christ, while they feel vexed and angry, perhaps even unforgiving, towards each other?"

"And, therefore, it must be for the glory of God that such a state of things should cease?"

"As a matter of course."

"Then the question to-night is between the glory of God and—forgive me if I speak plainly, I am in most serious earnest—your, your——"

Mr. Melbourne hesitated, and the deacon hastened to supply the word,—"My supper. I see exactly what you mean, sir, and, in return for your frankness, I will tell you a secret. The fact is, I have not the slightest faith in these prayer-meetings. We have had two; and what has come of it? Are we more united? Not a whit. Why, it was only last Sunday that Mr. Robson——"

"My dear sir! I must beg you to spare me," exclaimed Mr. Melbourne, who knew exactly what sort of tale was coming; "time is nearly up, and Mr. Pleadwell will soon be ready. But I will just say this,—if your meetings have not been held in *faith*, you need feel no surprise at the failure of which you speak. Had you prayed *in secret* for the faith which you, as yet, have not possessed,—I mean, faith that God will hear your united petitions for grace and strength to work together, as deacons, with a loving forbearance, a holy wisdom, and a true spirit of self-denial,—you would have received a proportionate blessing. Coming here, as you do, with a conviction that united prayer will *not* bring down the rich grace you seek, you are, in fact, the Jonah of the company."

"Well, then, sir, all they can do is—throw me overboard. I am ready and willing." Mr. Hervey was always offering to resign, but he never did it.

"That is not what we wish," said Mr. Melbourne; "and you know it. If you were to retire from office, reasons must be given. The result would be, division in the church. We have had one unhappy 'split' already; may God save us from another! No; the only remedy is, for you who have not faith in God's power and will to reconcile you to your brethren, and to give more grace for future days,—*to get it*, and then have your prayer-meeting."

"To-night?"

Mr. Melbourne bowed assent. "You will have plenty of time to pray for faith," he remarked, as they prepared to leave the vestry; "and, *when you get it*, you will have no misgivings as to the results of your meeting for prayer."

As these words were spoken, Mr. Johns came forward to announce that the hymns were selected, and that all was ready; in a few minutes the clock would

be striking seven, and perhaps Mr. Hervey might desire to speak with Mr. Pleadwell before the service. Mr. Johns made this speech at the risk of being "set down" by the senior deacon; but that dignitary, to his surprise, shook hands and thanked him, in a manner equally remote from rudeness and condescension.

"We can have our prayer-meeting," said Mr. Hervey, "after all."

Mr. Johns glanced at the pastor, and held his peace. He was thinking of last time, when the senior had kindly prayed that his younger brethren might be wiser and "more judicious." Ten minutes later they were all in the house of prayer, and surrounded by some five hundred earnest-hearted men and women, to whom the young minister was to bring (thank God, it was in all humility!) a true message from the Author of salvation. And the text for that evening was peculiarly adapted to Mr. Hervey's case, for it was, "He deceiveth himself" (Gal. vi. 3).

"Brethren and sisters," said the preacher, "in some one point—perhaps even in more than one—we are all self-deceived, and our cowardly hearts, left to themselves, must always prefer sugared falsehood, however hollow, to the, perhaps, externally bitter kernel of solid truth. But I ask you, to-night, after earnest prayer to God for his richest blessing, and for the immediate influence of his Spirit, to examine yourselves, and to seek truth with all the power you have, so that, if you *do* 'believe a lie,' you may at once, and for ever, be undeceived."

After this introduction, Mr. Pleadwell proceeded to describe such self-deceptions as he thought to be most likely to ensnare himself and those who heard him, beginning with that suggested by the context,—"If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing;" a comprehensive sentence, "upon which," said the preacher, "it were wise in us to muse more frequently and more prayerfully than we do." These were words in season. Slowly, but surely,—as, in his comfortable pew, he sat praying for increase of faith, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon himself and his brother deacons,—Mr. Hervey realised that he had been thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think. He who had so often prayed that others might be endowed with the sweet virtue of humility,—*he*, who had fondly cherished the opinion that, of all the members of the church at H——, there was not one more exemplary than himself! but *there* lay the secret: he had supposed himself to be something, and he was really, in the sight of God,—what? Nothing! It was a somewhat humiliating discovery; and the rich man did not like it any the more on that account. As the preacher had said, he would have even *preferred* the sugared falsehood, if God had not given him grace to desire, at last, to know the truth about his own spiritual condition, as well as the secret of his discord with his brethren. Wisely had Mr. Melbourne said that there was ample time to ask and obtain the faith which was necessary to the success of the deacons' meeting. Mr. Hervey had sought and found; and although he, in some respects, saw as yet "through a glass darkly," the light *had* dawned. The service ended, Mr. Pleadwell passed into the vestry, and—all unconscious of the blessing which had come upon the deacon—talked with his friend and brother, Mr. Melbourne, until the time for his departure had arrived.

"You will come again?" inquired Mr. Hervey, as the young preacher bade him farewell.

"Do you wish it?"

The reply was inaudible to all save him whose kind heart beat with pleasure as he listened; but it was not long before others were aware of its import, for, at the prayer-meeting which followed, Mr. Hervey, on being requested to read a suitable portion of Scripture, chose the closing words of the fourth chapter of

Ephesians. These he read with peculiar and touching emphasis, saying, at the end, all unasked, "Brethren, let us pray." He had what is called a "gift" in prayer,—that is to say, he was fluent, earnest, and, to a certain extent, original; but, to-night, a new element was introduced into his petitions,—it was the precious element of humility. Never before had his brother deacons heard him acknowledge that *he* had offended against *them*, and had need to ask *their* pardon. Never before had he prayed that there might be *mutual* forbearance, and that, "in lowliness of mind," each might esteem other better than himself. As he ceased, a deep silence fell upon the place, and they knelt on, as if waiting for the promised "grace of supplication." After a while, another voice poured forth its earnest prayer, and yet another. Then they rose and sang, Mr. Groves choosing a suitable hymn, and Mr. Hervey occupying his favourite position beside the mantel-piece. But, as the last note died away, the senior deacon turned quickly to his companions.

"Can you forgive me?" said he to Mr. Robson, holding out his hand; "I have always been hasty with you."

"My dear brother!" The junior deacon could say no more.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Mr. Hervey; "it is enough." Then, turning as suddenly upon the rest, he said, "And *you!*"

"We must all ask *your* forgiveness," said Mr. Johns, "for hasty judgments; and God grant that henceforth we may all be 'kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us'!"

"Amen, Amen!" said Mr. Brown, as they shook hands. "And now, brethren, *shall we not give thanks!*"

Well they might, for in one brief hour the discord of a long year had been swept away, and, through the fast-dispersing clouds, new light was streaming. Yet the clouds return sometimes! True; but not for long. In their war with indwelling sin, the children of God may falter, and even retire before the enemy; but, in the hour of their extremest danger, as well as in the hour of high success, he who hears and answers prayer still keeps his promise,—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The Christian has only to keep on praying, in the name of his Redeemer; and this, through God's mercy, our five deacons were enabled to do. Here, in fact, lay the secret of the blessing which subsequently came upon them,—from the time of the deacons' prayer-meeting they were all, including Mr. Hervey, *men of prayer.*

Poetry.

FATHER, GUIDE THOU ME!

SINFUL though I am, and weak,
God, my Father, I would seek;
Sure I am, He cares for me,—
Father, guide Thou me!

Make me loving, gentle, sweet,
Leading others to Thy feet;
When my way I cannot see,
Father, guide Thou me!

Though I tread the valley drear,
With Thee nothing can I fear;
Oh, the way I would not see,—
Father, save Thou me!

Reviews.

Money: a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes. With Remarks on Stewardship and Systematic Benevolence. By T. Binney. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder. 1865.

We presume, from the antedating of this volume, for it appeared some weeks before the end of 1864, that Mr. Binney intends it to be regarded as his new-year's gift to the churches. A more acceptable one, or one more likely to be useful, he could hardly have presented to them. It is emphatically a book for the times; full of cautions and counsels appropriate to a day of keen competition, restless commercial activity, and rapidly-acquired wealth,—a day when men need specially to be warned against the dangers and admonished of the duties which attend the acquisition and possession of money. Faithful, outspoken, and yet genial, in its practical exhortations, and backing all its statements by the express and indisputable authority of Scripture, it is one of the most solemn and comprehensive appeals which has ever been made to Christian men on this homely but momentous subject.

Every one who is acquainted with Mr. Binney's writings knows that he excels most men as a profound and suggestive, yet popular, expositor of Scripture, and also as a direct and pungent practical preacher. By the peculiar plan he has followed in this volume, he has most happily brought both these attributes of his to bear upon the accomplishment of his object. It is a practical argument, conducted by means of Scripture exposition. Taking for his starting text our Lord's application of the parable of the unjust steward, Mr. Binney has drawn from it the two general propositions:—"Money may be a bad thing," but "it may be put to a very good use." These truths he illustrates, not by original or independent argument, but by marshalling and rapidly interpreting and applying all the passages in the New Testament, whether historical or preceptive, which are relevant to the purpose. The expositions of many of these passages are perfect models of what popular exposition of Scripture ought to be; while the application of their lessons to the matter in hand is singularly plain, powerful, and practical. We admire exceedingly the mingled boldness and soundness of the evangelical teaching of the book, the careful statement and vindication of the great truths of the Gospel, and the earnest protest against the too prevalent habit of frittering away the force of scriptural expressions to bring them into what we imagine to be consistency with the doctrines of grace. Here is a short but comprehensive statement of the Christian doctrine of reward, which bears upon this point:—

"The Christian doctrine of reward has nothing to do with the pardon of sin, or the justification of the sinner. Man, as man, burdened with guilt and amenable to law, cannot be saved by his own works and deservings. *Mercy* and *salvation* are to be accepted as the gift of God, through Jesus Christ. Work and reward are here out of the question. It is different, however, with those works *which are the fruit of faith*, and which constitute the obedience of a Christian man. These, though always imperfect, and never entitled to a reward of merit, are yet represented as followed by what may be called a reward of congruity. That is to say, partly by way of natural consequence, and partly by way of gracious bestowment, the acts and habits of Christian obedience are hereafter to be followed by results, which, in measure or degree of glory and blessedness, shall bear a correspondence to what was actually attained to here. In other words, the Divine principle in man, according to its present culture and development, will be followed hereafter by *that for which it is fitted*. This fitness—the reality and degree of that development and culture out of which it springs and in which it consists—being ascertained by the penury or the richness of the fruits of faith, the nature and number of the actings of love, in every individual."

Indeed throughout, the strong clear common sense, in the light of which every subject is viewed, the freedom from the trammels of mere system, coupled with most thorough loyalty to Scripture, the fearlessness, tempered with reverence, which characterize the volume, are exceedingly instructive and refreshing.

We are glad that Mr. Binney has not, in his zeal for "systematic benevolence," been betrayed into claiming for the apostle's financial advice to the Corinthians, the character and authority of a fixed and universal *law*. It seems to us that by this overstraining, the advocates of the weekly offering have weakened their own cause by associating it with a mode of interpretation which contradicts the whole spirit of the New Testament. We yield to few in our sense of the importance of systematic storing for and giving to the cause of Christ, or in our appreciation of the labours of those who have made it their special work to urge this duty upon Christian men. But we hold it even more important that the New Testament should be treated as a book of principles, not as a code of minute prescriptions; that its freedom and spirituality should in no jot or tittle be tampered with. We are grateful to Mr. Binney for his cogent vindication of what we take to be, in this matter, the true method of interpretation.

Every one must regret very sincerely that illness should have prevented the carrying out of any design which Mr. Binney had conceived. But we cannot find it in our hearts to regret that this volume has been published "in rough notes," rather than in the more elaborate form which the author meant to have given it. Mr. Binney's besetting sin as a writer is diffuseness—a habit of beating his ingots into leaf. What in preaching he utters in two or three ringing, pregnant sentences, he spreads out, when he writes, into as many pages; and the amplification too often implies dilution. We like this book all the better for its colloquial manner, and for its suggestive, rather than exhaustive, way of stating truth.

We are at a loss where to find a passage which shall best serve as an illustrative extract—at a loss, not from the lack of suitable passages, but from their embarrassing plentifulness. We take, not as the best, but as about the briefest, we can find, the closing paragraphs of the first sermon. The case of the rich young ruler, with some others, has just been adduced and expounded:—

"Thus are we taught, by these several instances, how mighty and malignant is the money-lust, in opposing the entrance of religious light, the coming in of the kingdom of God, into a man's soul; or (as put in the other form), how it impedes a man's approach to it, obstructs his going towards it, and getting into it. It sends him back to his miserable confidences, tied and bound to the ear of his idol! The last instance to which we have referred is very suggestive and very monitory. All appearances, to the human eye, were pleasing and promising. There was everything to prepossess us in the young man's favour. We might be excused for thinking that he was 'not far from the kingdom of God.' Nor was he far from it, in one sense, for the kingdom of God 'had come nigh unto him;' but however near it might be, it turned out that he would not enter it. He would not enter it, because he was not equal to the personal sacrifice which, in his case, Jesus required as the test of his sincerity. He turned away from the gate of the kingdom, just as it was being opened to receive him, because it was not large enough to admit both him and his wealth. He seemed earnest, determined, resolute, zealous; but beneath and underlying all appearances, there was one bosom sin—he loved his money, clung tenaciously to 'his large possessions,' kept hold of them as with both hands, and he had not another with which to take hold of heaven too. *So that* slipped away from him, and he from it. One bosom sin, determinately retained, will harden the heart, stupefy the conscience, darken the mind, and damn the man! It will resist and overcome inward monitions; it will frustrate and render nugatory all influences from without. 'Herod feared John, because he was a good and a holy man.' He heard him and was touched; 'he heard him often, and heard him gladly,' and 'did many things' in consequence; but *there was one thing he would not do*—he would not put away Herodias. And she, his bosom sin personified and embodied, led him at last to send an executioner to behead John in prison. And so here. The young man has done much, and seems ready to do more—ready to do anything. He stands listening to Christ, looking up to him with a pleased, ingenuous expression, as if prepared to welcome whatever he might say. He could not do it. There was a bosom sin, which lay at the root of his seeming excellence, and which made it wither and fall far sooner than Jonah's gourd. 'For, mark the change; thus spake the Lord
Come, part with earth for heaven to-day;
The youth, astonished at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.'"

We can only, in closing these fragmentary words of criticism, very earnestly commend this book of suggestive exposition, and of pertinent and pungent practical teaching, to the prayerful study of Christians, rich or poor; and trust that it may exert a powerful influence in bracing the spiritual health, and enhancing the spiritual power, of our churches.

P

The Little Prayer-Book: Intended for Beginners in Devotion. Revised and Corrected by Three Priests. London: Church Press Company (Limited), &c. 1864.

A VERY modest copy of this work, bound in black, edged with red, and stamped with the cross on both covers, lies before us. There is no intimation that this is other than a first edition of the revised and corrected form, but the getting-up implies that a large sale is contemplated and expected by its publishers, "The Church Press Company." So nearly does one section of the English Episcopal Church resemble that of Rome, that but for a "Hymn," addressed to "The Old Catholic Faith," we should have thought "The Little Prayer-Book" had proceeded from the latter, and have passed it by as the natural form for English Catholic children. The Book of Prayer will be a fair summary of the doctrines taught by the writers of this "Church Press Company," though it is not unlikely that "The *Little* Prayer-Book" will be even milder in its statements than other works; and we therefore propose to illustrate the design of this "Company," by the grouping of some ungarbled extracts from this work. John Wicklif placed transubstantiation at the base of all Papal corruptions. We will follow him in our sorting of this "milk for babes."

The Real Presence:

". . . This offering, which is now only bread and wine, but will soon, by a miracle of Thy Grace, become the True Body and Blood of Thine Only Son," p. 16.

"At the words, THIS IS MY BODY, THIS IS MY BLOOD,* you must believe that the bread and wine become the Real Body and Blood with the Soul and Godhead of JESUS CHRIST; bow down your heart and body in deepest adoration when the Priest says these Awful Words, and worship your Saviour then verily and indeed present on His Altar," p. 16.

"I most firmly believe, that here is Thy Body and Thy Blood, Thy Soul and Thy Godhead; *all this*" I confess that I receive when I receive the Holy Communion with my mouth," p. 33.

"On the day of your Communion . . . . let your first thoughts be about your Divine Visitor who is coming into your *soul and body* on this day," p. 35.

". . . Be most careful to receive into your mouth all, even the smallest Portion, of the Most Holy Sacrament, since one Crumb or Drop of It is worth more than the world itself," p. 38.

"When you get back to your place . . . kneel . . . with all your mind fixed on the thought that God and Man is within your soul and body," p. 38.

The Sacrament, a Sacrifice:

". . . This is THE SERVICE our Lord Himself commanded His Priests to offer, wherein the 'Sacrifice of the Lamb of God . . .' is presented to the Eternal Father by the hands of the Priest," p. 14.

Everywhere the Sacrament is referred to as being offered, and as an oblation.

Extreme Unction:

"O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be given,
At death's hour to be our Food," p. 18.

Baptismal Regeneration:

"I thank Thee, O kind and gentle Spirit, that by Holy Baptism Thou hast made me the child of God," p. 8.

"Who . . . when I was born in sin . . . didst vouchsafe that I should be born again of Water and the Holy Ghost, in the blessed Laver of Baptism, being thereby made a member of Christ and an heir of eternal life," p. 43.

Priestly Power:

The term Priest, instead of Minister, is used through the whole book; and though it is said, ". . . About the Priest, remember that he cannot of his own power or holiness forgive you" (p. 27), he is to receive confession, and peculiar reverence: he, too, *offers* the Sacrifice, which others only *attend*.

". . . Mention all the sins, venial as well as mortal, in Confession . . . the Priest is thus better able to direct our conscience," p. 30.

". . . By the word of His Priest God cleanses . . . ," p. 37.

". . . Thy Priest who *offers*, and Thy people who *attend*, this Holy Sacrifice . . . p. 37.

Church Authority:

"All this I believe, because it is what Thou hast taught us by Thy Word and *by Thy Holy Church*," p. 34.

"All this, and all the Church doth teach,
My God, I do believe;
For Thou hast bid us hear the Church,
And Thou canst not deceive."—
Chorus to Hymn, p. 13.

Prayers for the Dead:

". . . This Pure Oblation, which I join . . . in offering . . . for my sins and the sins of all the faithful living *or dead*," p. 37.

There is a special service (p. 53), "For All Faithful Souls Departed (!) . . . that they may obtain, through devout

* The italics are ours, the capitals are not.

prayers, the pardon they always desired," p. 54.

Intercession of Saints:

"May Saint Mary and All Saints pray to the Lord for us . . . ." p. 13.

"On the festival of a Saint . . . beg God to give you a share in his prayers . . ."

"Making mention of the . . . Highly-blessed Mother of God, Mary, Ever Virgin, with All Saints, let us commend ourselves to Thee our Christ . . ." p. 52.

Ceremonialism runs through the book: "Making the sign of the cross," "striking the breast three times," and "bowing before the altar." The directions for self-examination show a close knowledge of boy-nature, but a strange confusion of morals. Under the seventh commandment, the child is to ask himself: "Have I . . . been greedy, drunk too much, *eaten meat on Fridays or Fast-days*, or laid in bed too long in the morning?" (p. 28.) Of course, there is an abundance of morbidly sentimental phrases, and frequent enumeration of titles, as in "The Litany of the Most Holy Sacrament" (p. 20 *seq.*); and that of "The Most Holy Name of Jesus" (p. 18 *seq.*)

Is all this a fair development of "our incomparable liturgy"? "The Book of Common Prayer" has been praised for its universal adaptation, even to children. To us, it seems a vast deal simpler than this last concoction of spiritual spoon-diet. Does not this production, "revised and corrected by three priests," show that these "three priests" and others feel the inadequacy of the authorized liturgy to express their faith and become the vehicle of their devotions? A kindred spirit has sat upon the breast of poor John Bunyan, and changed his "glorious dream" into a night-mare; and now these "three priests" and others cannot rest quietly, nor let others rest, without a draught of intoxicating formalism and sentiment like this. Children must take it like Godfrey's cordial; and they will some die under it, some be quiet through it, and very few outgrow it. We have felt sure that wherever Priests have held these doctrines, and professed them in the Church, they would find some means of teaching the young; but this is the first outright and downright effort we have seen. We wonder what else this "Church Press Company" is doing. More still we wonder and grieve at the result of such religious teaching on the vigour and firmness of religious life in the enervated and enfeebled Christian men and Christian women which such a child-training will produce, to say nothing of the many on whom it will produce a simple disgust for all religion.

We have not referred to this book in any spirit of alarm, but simply because it seemed to illustrate the essential teaching of an extreme party in the Establishment.

The Gospel Treasury; or, Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists; having Scripture Illustrations, Expository Notes from the most approved Commentators, Practical Reflections, Geographical Notices, Copious Index, &c. Compiled by Robert Mimpriss. Two Vols. in One. London: Elliot Stock.

This is pretty well for a title-page, in the matter of length and fulness; and even now we have not given much more than one-third of the printed title-page. Full as it is, however, it gives but a very incomplete idea of the fulness of the book it professes to describe. The "&c." which winds up the above summary of contents covers about as much as the summary itself expresses. He who opens the book at random, and glances over the first page that presents itself, will be struck at once with the amount of information compressed into a small compass, and with the industry and research which must have been employed in amassing it. The volume is, as it is well named, a "treasury" of knowledge respecting the Gospels. Mr. Mimpriss's name is so well known as an able and indefatigable caterer for the wants of Scripture expositors and teachers, and the book before us has already had so wide a sale, that we need say little by way of introduction or recommendation of it to our readers. Its leading feature is a Harmony of the Gospels following the arrangement of Greswell. The comparative reading of the four evangelic narratives will always form a main part of the intelligent study of the Bible; and, although there is much justice and truth in the protests of Alford and others against violent and forced attempts to reconcile apparent discrepancies, we cannot but feel that these denunciations of the

harmonists have been carried much too far. Such works, when executed with honesty and competent scholarship, are of great value in showing that the formal and superficial differences between the narratives are perfectly consistent with their most thorough substantial agreement; in pointing out how seeming discrepancies would often disappear if we were in possession of all the facts of the case; in correcting false notions of inspiration, and suggesting and strengthening true ones. Greswell's harmony is, perhaps, a little too harmonistic, but, if used intelligently, it will answer the true purpose of a harmony as well, in some respects better, than any other.

By an ingenious plan the narratives placed side by side are so arranged that the necessary portions of each can be read as a continuous narrative, and thus the manner in which each contributes to the completeness of the record is strikingly exhibited. An attempt, and a very simple and successful one too, is made to bring some of the phenomena of the original text before the eye and the understanding of the English reader. We could wish that Mr. Mimpriss had not left out in the smaller edition the little mark by which, in the larger, he has indicated where the article, omitted in the English, is expressed in the Greek.

The whole volume is preceded by a "sketch of a journey from London to Jerusalem," "an historical sketch of the land of promise," and an "analytical and historical table" which is a full and valuable epitome of the harmony. The "general index" might almost serve as a concordance to the Gospels. Every section is headed by an analytic summary of contents, and accompanied by marginal readings, Scripture illustrations, admirably selected notes, practical reflections, and geographical notices; while subjects requiring fuller treatment than these notes would admit are discussed in "Addenda" introduced as the occasion requires. That no space may be lost, every page is bordered round with texts, or short sentences, some of which, we confess, we could well have spared. A chart of the life and ministry of our Lord stands as frontispiece to the book. And all this for seven and sixpence! The book is a perfect miracle of comprehensiveness and cheapness; and we should think decidedly the best single book on the Gospels which the Sunday school teacher, or the preacher unfamiliar with the original, could obtain and use.

We should add that a library edition of the same work is offered to subscribers, at prices ranging, according to binding, from fifteen to five-and-twenty shillings.

Christian Cabinet.

THE LIFE AND THE LIPS.

Every Christian is bound to be a preacher of the Gospel. But remember that there are a thousand ways of preaching Christ's Gospel, without choosing a text, or addressing a congregation. Wilberforce preached God's truth on the floors of legislative halls. Hannah More preached Christ in a drawing-room; Florence Nightingale in a hospital; and Sarah Martin in the prison-cells of Norwich! Halyburton, when laid aside by illness, made a sick-bed his pulpit. "It is the best one I was ever in," said he. "I am laid here for the very end that I may commend my Lord and Saviour." Sailors have been eloquent preachers in the forecastle, soldiers in the tent, slaves on the plantation.

A Christ-loving heart is the true ordination, after all. It is higher than the imposition of any human hands. "As ye go, preach;"—"Let him that heareth say come." These are heavenly commands that are laid upon every one who has felt the love of Jesus in his soul. Knowing the Gospel fixes at once an obligation to make it known to others. If I have found the well of salvation, I am bound to call out, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" God has a great variety of pulpits for Christians to preach from.

My own stands in yonder church. Yours may be a Sabbath school teacher's seat; or it may be a parent's arm-chair; or it may be a work-bench, or a desk in a counting-house. You may preach by a tract, or a Bible, or a loaf of bread laid on a poor widow's table, or by an earnest talk in a mission-school, or by a faithful private conversation with the impenitent. Any way that will give you a hold on a sinner's heart and draw him to the Saviour. Any way, so that he "who heareth says come."

But there are other methods of saying "come," besides the voice and the printed page. Holy living is a mighty magnet to draw men to God. Godly example is the powerful attractor toward heaven. Even the most eloquent pastor will find that his people look at him during the week to find out what he means on the Sabbath. Preaching piety on one day of the week does not counteract the practising of selfishness, or censoriousness, or cowardice, or compromise with wrong, on the other six days. If we say "come" with the lips, it is well; if we say "come" with the life, it is still better. Religion made attractive to others is the most potent instrument for the conversion of souls. But few men are eloquent with the lips; yet every Christian may rise to the eloquence of example. If you cannot utter a truth from the desk or the platform, you can live the truth; and that is the best preaching, after all. No infidel ever attempts to answer that. It requires no defence. It draws silently, but surely. It says *come*, by showing the way. The "living epistle" never needs a translation, or a commentary. It is in plain English that every child can understand.

A poor sick girl, for example, is wearing away her young life in a chamber of confinement. All day long and all the night, for weary weeks and months, the patient sufferer suffers on. But she bears the sorrow of her lot so meekly, she speaks of her discipline so sweetly, she exhibits such patience of hope and such quiet trust in him whose strong arm is beneath her, she lives out so much religion in that chamber, that her worldly-minded father and her frivolous sisters are all touched by it. They feel it. Her example is a "means of grace" to that whole family; they get no better preaching from any quarter. Her deep, tranquil joys beside the well of salvation are a constant voice speaking to them, "Come, come ye to this fountain."

Cecil used to say that "his first feelings of religion were made stronger by seeing that truly pious people had a true happiness that the things of this world could not give." It was always admitted in Dundee that the life of Robert M'Cheyne, even more than his eloquent discourses, impressed and moved the community around him. We might multiply illustrations of the same truth from biographies and from observation.

A God-fearing youth occupies the same room with several giddy scoffers —his fellow-clerks or fellow-students. Night and morning he bends the knee in prayer before them. They scoff at first; but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they too had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they too "remember their God, and are troubled." John Angell James, of Birmingham, says, in one of his lectures,—"If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, I owe it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene roused my slumbering conscience and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven and through the ages of eternity."

The best defence of the fourth commandment is found in the higher lives and loftier characters of those who remember God's day to keep it holy. The clear head and the prosperous purse of the total abstainer from the bottle is the best temperance lecture. Actions speak louder than words. If you wish to move others, move on

yourself. Cæsar never said to his troops, "*Ite;*" he took the lead, and cried out, "*Venite!*" The witty and gay Lord Peterborough, after lodging with Archbishop Fenelon, said to him, at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Paul acknowledged the power of example, when he said, "Be ye followers of me." Even the lips of the divine Saviour have not such persuasions as his marvellous life. Holy living is what this poor world is dying for to-day. A radiant and holy life is instinct with the very power of God. If the vital union of believers with their divine Head means anything, it means that Christ pours himself into the world through the lips and the lives of his earthly representatives—of Christ-like men and women. "It is not I that live," said the hero-apostle, "but Christ that liveth in me."

USEFUL AND HAPPY.

We often meet with Christians who have neither special gifts nor special opportunities of usefulness, bewailing their great unworthiness and great uselessness in Christ's kingdom; or others, who have possessed either or both these advantages, when they have been removed, grieving, as if, now, everything worth living for were lost to them: as if, now, God could not be glorified, nor they sanctified.

What a mistake is here exhibited! What a forgetfulness of that inward kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, where God is so exalted, loved, and served, and where the spiritual life is developed and brought to its ripest perfection!

It is not in the hot sunlight of publicity that the plants of the heavenly Husbandman's planting best thrive. But comparatively few are able to bear this, and keep healthy and vigorous and fruit-bearing. It is out of sight of men: unperceived by all eyes but his own: hidden from the world: hidden often from fellow-Christians: in God's silent place, God's secret place, that their deepest experiences are learned, their greatest sacrifices made, and their greatest laurels won.

Christian! Did you ever ponder this divine sentence, and draw from it its great sweetness,—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"? If God, in infinite condescension, use an instrument so unworthy as I am to do his outside work, to preach his Gospel, to win souls by any means to him, to put forth great efforts for the extension of his cause, all honour to him, and to his mighty grace. But, if not; if he deprive me of such great favour; if he weaken my strength, or narrow my opportunities,—shall I feel that he cannot do without *me*? God forbid! His is the power, his the glory, for ever and ever; and *so long as I can but glorify him*, so long as I have any opportunities left of denying myself and taking up the Saviour's cross and imitating him, I may glory and rejoice, yea, I may win his largest favour, and his most abounding blessing. "Rejoice not in this," said Jesus, "that the spirits are subject to you, but rejoice that your names are written in heaven;" not in what you do for me, but in what I have done for you; not in your works of usefulness, but in your heavenly character and citizenship, rejoice evermore.

Perhaps there is nothing more delightful to Christ, as exhibited in his people's temper and spirit, than *patience* and *self-denial* and *self-sacrifice*, for his sake, and the sake of others. But who but Christ and the Christian himself know anything of the cultivation and development of these sweet flowers of paradise! What severe trials are needful! What bitter disappointments! What heart-chafings and rendings and martyrdoms must be gone through in their culture and perfecting! There is no bodily show, but, oh! what tremendous exertions are put forth; what a mental and spiritual strain has been upon the soul! And we doubt not but that the King of Glory has his brightest crowns for victors who have won them on such battle-fields. Therefore, dear Christian, hidden away from men, be comforted and encouraged. You think you have done your Saviour no service, no honour; while you may every day have thus been placing on his well-loved head many crowns. He knows the pains you take with that trying child committed to your care. He marks your tenderness to that aged

one (for his sake), whose querulousness so troubles you; yet you bear it all for him, and think, for his sake, the cross light. He sees your silent endurance of bodily pain and infirmity, that cut you off from the work for him you so loved and delighted in. He marks the enduring hope, built on his own word, that hopes against hope because of his *truth* and *faithfulness*. He knows all about that inward self-loathing, and anguish for sin, and dread of bringing reproach upon his precious name. All these things, and hundreds more of the same character and kind, are fruits most lovely in his sight, and shall as assuredly win from his lips the commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," as any of those things after which you have been pining and seeking in vain.

The kingdom of God is within you! Here is comfort! Here is accountability! Let none wish for himself *that* God has not bestowed, but glory in what is possessed, by which he can be glorified, and the soul sanctified in the image of Jesus. These are they, whoever they are, and wherever they are, those souls most bent upon his glory, and their own development in all the lovely image of Jesus. These are most beloved of God, and those whom he does and will delight to honour most of all.

Let us try harder to forget self. Let us seek to keep Christ on his rightful throne in our hearts, making him all in all. Let there be no looking back, no departing from our first love: and then, no fear about our usefulness. We may not all be as cities set on a hill, but we may each be a little candle set on a candlestick, giving light to all that are in the house. If we cannot be letters of Christ, fit for kings and princes and great intellects to read, it will be something if a little child can read us, if the old and poor and blind can spell us out, and he whom we love shall be pleased and honoured and glorified.

"Close to him united,
Sweet my life, star-lighted,
Christ its sun of gladness, giving every joy that springs;
To my heart I hold him,
In my arms enfold him,
And the dearest love to me, he every moment brings.

"Though my life is hidden,
Yet, where he has bidden,
I can love and follow him, where he may lead the way;
More to me than treasure,
It is joy to do his pleasure,
And to win his favour is life and joy for aye."

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

A FEW WORDS TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

I surmise that we "Marthas" are rather a numerous body of women, scattered though we be throughout the length and breadth of the land. And I trust we all have sufficient humility to acknowledge the fitness of this name as applied to us. God grant that of each one of us it may be said, by our beloved Master, that we have also the distinguishing characteristics of Mary.

The leading traits which mark us as "Marthas" are two: first, a sincere love to Jesus, with an earnest desire to do something actively for him; and, secondly, a care and trouble about "many things."

I must acknowledge that I always felt a secret sympathy for Martha. I think "how much more pleasant and easy it would have been for her, too, to sit at her Saviour's feet and listen, having no care for household matters."

This may not be; yet I hope to be able to convince you that we, who have all these earthly cares imposed upon us, can be diligent in business, and at the same time be ever at the Master's feet, learning of him.

Turn we, then, to our Guide-Book, and let us see what promises, encouragements, and directions we find there.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may *abide* with you for ever."

"For he *dwelleth with* you, and shall be *in* you."

"I will love him, and will *manifest* myself unto him; and my Father will

love him, and we will *come* unto him, and make our *abode with him.*"

These precious promises were made by our beloved Saviour just before his death. How strong the language!—how full of meaning! They were intended to comfort his disciples then—they will do so now. Let us apply them.

We are wives, mothers, housekeepers. After a broken night's rest, we are awakened at dawn by a restless infant, whom we cannot coax into slumber again—and thus the day's work is commenced; and often and often the hours pass by, and we cannot find the moment for a literal retirement to a literal "closet."

Many a minister, with his uninterrupted hours in his quiet study—many another active Christian, whose busy hours are numerous, but to whom the leisure hour comes at last—will doubt this. Few mothers will. A mother's work is never done.

How precious, then, to know that if we cannot retire to a closet to meet our Saviour, he is willing to come to us in our nurseries, our kitchens, our parlours, and every place where our occupations call us. He will "abide with" us, will "dwell in" us. Can we not, then, turn to him every moment as fresh occasions occur, demanding grace and strength?

A servant is ignorant, or impudent, or careless—our patience is just giving way. But the Helper is near—let us pause and lift the heart, and ask for that love which endureth all things.

A child is exacting and petulant—another disobedient and perverse—another sick and weary—or, perhaps, all are quarrelsome; the very hour we had set apart to go away for private prayer for the grace we so much need, is consumed in our endeavours to attend to each—to all. We think, perhaps, "How can I grow in the Christian life?" Ah! this is the place—just the mode,—and here close at hand is the Teacher. Let us ask him. He will apply the lesson, will give the patience, the strength, the wisdom, requisite to calm all these discordant elements, and at the same time, carry us forward and upward higher in the heavenly road, than the same hour passed in the closet could have done.

Let us only realize how near he is, walk with him every moment, and accustom ourselves to turn to him the moment our attention is disengaged from other subjects, as the flower, pressed down by the careless step, springs elastic up the instant the pressure is withdrawn.

To a Christian, the thought that God is near, and sees every action and motive, is only one of delight. Let us cherish and comfort ourselves with it. Let us make our every room a "closet," our every hour his especial one—so shall not our cares, however numerous or pressing, keep us from him, or hinder us in our "race."

We may, if we will, sit at his feet with our children in our arms, our occupations in our hands, and he will teach us as he taught Mary.

If we "love him and keep his command," he will "love us," "come unto us," "dwell in us," and "abide for ever."

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE LAST SHILLING LOST.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

It was a cold dismal-looking morning in the month of November. The winter had set in early, and the usually thronged streets of Liverpool were not yet overflowing with the moving mass of men of business and men of labour, which, at a late hour of the day, might have relieved the eye of a looker-on by the variety it presented. The quiet of this great commercial town has always something melancholy in it, arising from the association of ideas; its recent bustle, and recommencing hum, giving to the immediate and brief pauses of temporary dulness some vague and indefinable connexion with moments between the successive shocks of an earthquake, or the loud howlings of the storm, when the sullen interval only silently announces the approach

of additional violence. Mrs. S—— went to the window, looked out, sighed, and again sat down. The Bible was open before her; she had been reading in it; but there was a restlessness about her feelings which prevented her deriving all the consolation she otherwise might have done from the sacred page. Two children stood beside her, one six years old, the other four. "Mamma," said the eldest, "James and I are very hungry; do let us have breakfast soon." "I cannot, my dear boy," she replied, "till you have brought me some little things from the next street; and I have been watching the weather all this time, that you might not go out till the rain had ceased. It is now clearer; put on your cap, and hold fast the money which I now give you, till you reach the shop. *It is my last shilling.*"

Little Francis liked to run mamma's errands. He was an affectionate, lively child, and contrived to find amusement wherever he went, without losing much time, or forgetting any of his commissions. But he had one little trick, which had he known how rude and disagreeable it is, he would never have practised. Whenever he was running alone, he would draw a small stick across the iron paling of the areas he passed, just to have the pleasure of hearing the hopping of the stick, and the twanging vibrations of the metal; on this occasion he forgot his stick and ran off promptly, promising to be careful and expeditious. He passed one large house, then another, wished he had his wooden companion, tried his naked hand on the iron rails, shrunk from the cold, and then applied the edge of the shilling. Alas, alas! It pitched with force and rapidity into the area below, and disappeared. The house was without a tenant; no search could be made; and poor little Francis turned deadly pale, as it struck on his heart, his mamma's *last shilling was lost!*

There is no sight under heaven so interesting as a Christian in calamity. Nothing proves so convincingly the value of religion, as the aids it supplies "when waves and storms go over the head." Mrs. S—— had long known the Gospel of Christ to be "the power of God unto salvation." In early youth she had become a "partaker" of that "precious faith," by which, "without the deeds of the law," we are "justified freely through the redemption that is in Jesus." Her family had been highly respectable—her prospects in life bright and prosperous—her mind intellectual and cultivated; but when she decided to choose, with Mary, "that better part," everything else became tributary, and of minor importance. The first of her kindred to receive "the truth in the love thereof," she "behaved herself wisely in a perfect way;" and by her conciliating, yet devotional spirit—by her prudent, yet exemplary conduct—by her speech being "always with grace," she was instrumental in winning most of them to walk in "wisdom's ways," which "are pleasantness," and in "her paths," which "are peace."

But after-years brought affliction to purify the gold; through many a furnace of this kind had she passed; still she maintained her integrity — lost nothing save dross, and sweetly shone with light reflected, in successive nights of sorrow. Her husband feared God; but he had embarked a large capital in an unsuccessful business, became a bankrupt, gave up everything to his creditors, and was, at the period when my tale commences, in a distant land, struggling with adversity, and remitting from time to time all he could earn to his beloved wife and children. He had left her in lodgings in Liverpool, six months before, with four children; now, two of them "were not," for God had taken them. In rapid succession they were consigned to the grave, "taken from the evil to come." And when the bereaved mother had paid the doctor's bill and funeral expenses, she found herself possessed of so very little means of support, that nothing but the most rigid economy could make it sufficient to satisfy their urgent wants, till the morning to which I have adverted.

She had eaten little for some preceding days. The dear boys had just enough of bread and milk to keep them uncomplaining during the day before; and a small portion which they insisted mamma *must* eat, had been by her secretly abstracted, and carefully kept, almost as by presentiment, till morning.

Francis entered. "Oh, mamma! what shall we do? I have lost the shilling." He burst into tears and was

violently agitated. "My child," said the heroic mother, clasping him to her heart, "weep not, it cannot be recalled. *The Lord will provide.*" She placed him and his brother at their little table, produced the crust of bread and cup of milk, and drying the eyes of poor Francis, and kissing the cheek of little James, she retired to her bedroom, and carefully locked the door inside.

Reader! art thou taught of God to pray? Knowest thou the felicity of calling him Father, feeling the relationship, and exulting in the deep consciousness of his paternal regards, when thou drawest near to a "throne of grace"? Have there not been seasons when thy rapt spirit, regardless of the cross that pressed, the difficulties that surrounded, the dark cloud that impending gave a sable hue to every earthly object, held communion with Deity; and time unheeded flew, whilst thou wast rolling thy every burden on the Lord, and feeling that he sustained thee? Then may *thy* eye penetrate the hallowed seclusion of that chamber, *thy* gaze rest on that Christian mother, *thy* heart imagine her soul-engrossing engagement. She had a Friend, and there she went to meet him; that Friend was ever "swift to hear," strong to deliver, good to redeem, "mighty to save." "In six troubles" he had been with her, nor did he forsake her in the "seventh." Mark her clasped hands, her bended knees, her look of humble, confiding, grateful adoration. She pleads the promises, and recounts how often they had been already fulfilled. "Let not my Lord be angry; I will speak again; deliver my children from perishing; send us help, and that speedily, for we *are cast upon thee.*" Such was the prayer of one of the Saviour's followers; as like Jacob she wrestled, like him she prevailed. Her petition was granted; and, as in the case of Solomon, more than she asked was given. Her soul was filled with "joy unspeakable." No pain was felt, no grief endured; all was a delightful conviction that God was "for" her, and would, "in due season," make "a way of escape," and till then enable her to bear up, and "go forward." A loud knocking at the door at length aroused her. "Madam," cried the mistress of the house, "do come down stairs immediately; here is the strangest sailor-man I ever set my eyes on! He has got a book for you, and he won't give it to no one till as how he sees yourself; just as if I could not carry the book without soiling it. He says he promised to give it to you, and he'll do it, that he will; and I may keep my sixpence; he's no porter. I wonder a man who swears as hard as he does, makes such a fuss about telling a bit of a lie." Mrs. S—— went to the sailor, received the book, and on opening it, found inside a letter from her husband, giving hopes of a permanent provision, and enclosing five pounds for the present exigency.

Reader! whoever thou art, remember the words in Job xxii. 21, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." Seek an interest in Christ; never rest till thy sins are forgiven, through faith in his blood, and thou canst claim the inheritance of the children.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." Closely cleave to him; faithfully serve him; give him thy heart in youth; keep it with all diligence; and "when thou passest through the waters, he will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isaiah xliii. 2). And when the world tries thee, and the devil tempts thee, and the voice of consolation in the blessed Scriptures is almost drowned by the noise of the surging billows; catch a gleam of hope from the mercy vouchsafed to others, and bear in mind that never was the heart of Mrs. S—— made happier; never was her confidence in an unfailing providence rendered stronger; never was the divine goodness more signally displayed towards her, in both spiritual and temporal blessings, than when she was reduced to the greatest extremity—*her last shilling lost!*

"BUYING RELIGION."

"I'd give a hundred pounds to feel as I felt in 1800," said a man of thirty years, as he listened to an account of revival scenes occurring in his native village five years after. "I was very near the kingdom then; it seemed as if

only a small matter kept me from becoming a Christian."

"What stood in your way?" inquired his sister, who, on a visit to her brother's city home, was telling him of the changes taking place among his former friends. "Well, 'twas a small matter, as I said. I was just starting in business with Ralph Turner, you know. We had engaged our warehouse, and were to come down on such a day to open business. When the day came, I didn't wish to go to the city. Religion seemed very important: I wished to possess it. But Ralph couldn't go without me. I finally thought that I would attend to business then, and take a more favourable time to secure religion. But I have never since seen the day when I was so near being a Christian, and I'm afraid I never shall."

"What hinders you now?" said his relative, kindly. "Your business is established and prosperous, you acknowledge the importance of attending to the salvation of the soul; surely you can never expect a better time than this." "I know it, I know it; but the trouble is now that 'I don't feel like it.' I'd give a hundred pounds if I did." "Seek for the feeling you want; give yourself no rest until you are once more convinced of sin and anxious to be reconciled to God. Take time for thought, for the Bible, for prayer." "Time! that is just what I haven't at command," interrupted the brother. "Business is very hurrying just now; I've stayed from the office too long already. Good morning."

Twenty years passed rapidly away. The pious sister had just gone to her long home, and the man of fifty, still impenitent, stood tearfully beside her new-made grave. A neighbour was telling him of her happy death, of the sweet peace and holy joy which made her last earthly hours radiant with the glories of heaven.

"I would give a thousand pounds for such a hope as she had," was the earnest, agitated answer. "If you would die the death of a Christian, you must live the Christian's life," replied the friend. "You have surely served the world long enough. Begin now to serve the Lord. You are rich, I know; you can count your income by thousands; now just stop your eager chase after wealth, and 'strive to enter in at the strait gate.' When will you ever have a better time?" "I don't know, I don't know," rejoined the rich worldling. "I never was so busy in my life. You say truly, I am laying up money by thousands; but since my partner died, I am hurried to death. I seem to have no time for anything." "And yet, my friend, your time, all of it, has been given you for this chief end, to glorify God. What right have you to appropriate it as you are doing? How will you account to the giver of this and 'every perfect gift'? How excuse your neglect and indifference? These are serious questions. I pray you to consider them."

"They are serious indeed, and will admit but one answer, I know. But I seem to have tied my own hands, and am powerless to help myself. This business-track is a deep groove. There is no such thing as getting out of it. I couldn't stop the engine now without losing all I've got. But I'm not so indifferent as you think. I really wish I was a Christian; and, as I said at the beginning of our talk, I'd give a thousand pounds this minute to be one. But it's time for the train, I see, and I must hasten back to the city. Come and see me, will you?"

Thirty years more, and an old man of fourscore lay upon his death-bed. Many a revival of religion had waked in his breast a passing interest, but left him still unblest. Seasons of providential discipline had visited him. Wife and children had preceded him to the grave. Each of these successive warnings had been more or less recognized as the call of heaven to prepare to meet his God. He had often "wished" he was a Christian, had felt that he would willingly give a handsome sum from his rapidly-increasing wealth to buy the "pearl of great price;" but to give up his heart, which was set on riches, to sacrifice a portion of the time which the pursuit of the object demanded, to place God first and the world last in his estimation and endeavours; this he had never done, had never tried to do.

And now he must give up the world, though that was his all. Eighty years had made him rich in heaps of shining ore; half-a-million stood at his credit in the bank; his horses and carriage were the envy of many a gazer; his house and conservatories were models

of taste and luxury; but he was a poor old man, without hope and without God.

Now that he was on the brink of the grave, how clearly he saw what he was and what he had done. Oh that he could be set back fifty or sixty years, and again be free to choose the way of life! Especially, how did he long for that golden moment when truth seemed so clear and vital, duty so easy, heaven so near; and how bitter his regrets that he had pushed them all aside with the vain delusion of that more "convenient season" which had never come. And now it was too late. Though reason was still on its throne, and conscience and memory faithful, his heart was hardened. He must reap what he had sown.

But, oh, the terror and anguish which overwhelmed his departing spirit! How could he go into eternity without salvation? The faithful minister of the Gospel, whom his nurse had sent for, tried even then to lead his despairing soul to Him who did not reject the dying thief. But no emotion of love and trust arose in his dark heart; his only and last exclamation being, "Oh, if I could, if I could, I'd give a hundred thousand pounds to die a Christian!"

A LITTLE FIRE.

How many opportunities of doing good we are continually letting slip, which never come back to us again! All along our pathway these wasted jewels lie like autumn leaves. A good pastor who was most remarkable for his faithfulness in speaking a word for Jesus on all occasions, was led to form the habit by a very little circumstance in his early ministry. A little girl, who did not know him, was once walking by his side, and he engaged with her in such conversation as he considered suitable to her years. She was afterwards told that she had been walking with a minister of Jesus Christ.

"Oh, no," she said, with a child's simplicity, "that could not be, for he never said one word about Jesus Christ." Her words came to the pastor's ears, and sunk deeply into his heart, influencing all his after life.

A poor old man in India was lying down to die by the road side. A good missionary passed by his side and whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?"

With great effort he roused himself to make answer, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and with that precious plea upon his lips he passed into eternity. The missionary stood and mused beside him. How could this aged heathen have learned those blessed words? Something was closely grasped in his hand, which on examining he found to be a *single leaf* from the Epistle of John. Oh, who can tell what that leaf had been to him!

A single word or question has sometimes been a powerful agent in leading a soul to Christ.

"What is the state of your soul, friend?" said the devoted Felix Neff to one whom he recognized as a Christian acquaintance. The person addressed turned about and proved to be a stranger. A word of apology followed, and the two parted not to meet again for several years. This time the stranger accosted Felix Neff, who did not recognize him.

"I am the man," he said, "whom you tapped on the shoulder in the streets of Lausanne, and asked, 'How do you find your soul?' Your question led me to serious thought, and now I find it is well with my soul."

Would that such Christian greetings more abounded, and that we were less reluctant to speak a courteous, Christian word, even to strangers into whose society we may be thrown for a passing hour. A single spark can kindle a city. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

A Page for the Young.

THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE.

A French brig was returning from Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. Off the coast of Bretagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Captain P——, an experienced sailor, at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the winds and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board, in doing all that he could to help, was little Jaques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the folds of the sail, the sailors thought that he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked round to see if it had not carried away the poor boy with it; but Jaques was soon up again, unhurt. "My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor, and had a large family. Jaques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure—two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow, it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once, a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash: the vessel had struck on a rock. At this terrible moment, the passengers threw themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats!" cried the captain. The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel, and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this means we may all get on shore."

"But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. "Whoever should attempt to run such a risk would certainly be dashed to pieces."

"Well," said the captain in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

"What is the matter, there?" inquired the captain. "Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore with a strong string round his body to draw the cable after him: he is as obstinate as a little mule!" and he pushed Jaques into the midst of the circle. The boy stood, turning his cap round and round in his hands, without daring to utter a word.

"Nonsense! Such a child can't go," said the captain, roughly.

But Jaques was not of a character to be so easily discouraged. "Captain," said he, timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these. It does not much matter what becomes of a 'little monkey' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on, fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened to the shore, or I will perish in the attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easy as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little Jaques. The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake, and he yielded.

Jaques hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned, and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as I may be lost,

may I ask you to take charge of something for me!"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his entreaties. "Here, then, captain," replied Jaques, holding out two five-franc pieces, wrapped in a bit of rag, "if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother, who lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters!"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything." "Oh, then, I will willingly try to save you," cried Jaques, hastening to the other side of the vessel, where all was prepared for his enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "We ought not to allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in this way," said he at length. "I have been wrong. I must forbid it."

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all, that this little cabin-boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us, who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided Jaques in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the heroic boy.

They all leaned over the side of the vessel, to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first, nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practised eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then, again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly: "Oh, what a brave fellow!" they said; "see how quickly he swims!" At other times, the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly: "Poor boy!" they said; "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour. The ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jaques must have much difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that the sea is tossing backwards and forwards in this way," said some of the sailors. The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jaques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope, many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed, they saw the vessel sink.

The little cabin-boy was long ill from the consequences of his fatigue, and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jaques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

Our Sunday Schools.

THE LITTLE SHIP.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS, BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him."—*Mark* iii. 9.

My dear children,—I once went into a gentleman's grounds, on which he had all kinds of forest-trees that would grow in this climate, all kinds of shrubs and flowers, and all kinds of fruit-trees. And he had a great yard, in which were deer, and curious animals, peacocks and fowls, and all kinds of doves. Some of these he kept because they made such singular noises; some, because they were so beautiful in form or colour; some, because they were so strange in shape. Then he had horses, great ones and little ones, beside many other animals.

Now, you say, this must be a very rich man. And so I have no doubt he is. God has given him a great deal of money. Whether he ought to spend it in this way, when there are so many poor children who need homes and schools and books, is a question you may think of. But would you not like to have all these things for your own? So many playthings?

But suppose that this rich man had the power to make these creatures all do just as he pleased; so that, when he wanted, the horses would come up to the door of themselves; and when he wanted, the hens would run and lay their eggs, and the doves coo, and the birds sing, and the fish leap about, and the trees rustle their leaves, and the flowers open and smile on him, and the fruit-tree drop its ripe fruit just at the moment he wanted it; and the duck lead off just as many little ducklings as he wanted; and the birds fly at his command, and the deer leap before him, and the peacock spread his tail just when he wanted him to do it,—as if these creatures were his servants to wait on him, and do just what he wanted, and just when he wanted it. Would he not be a very great and a very rich man? Would he not have what we call a great deal *of power?*

In the four Gospels which have been written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, we have an account of the life of Jesus Christ. It was said of him, that all things should be put under his feet; that all things should be his servants. Now let us see how this was.

At a certain time Christ wanted to teach his disciples not to be over-anxious about what they should eat, or what they should drink, or how they should be clothed (Matthew vi. 25–34). Just then he wanted some birds from which he could instruct them, and, behold! the birds are there! He points to them near at hand,—contented, happy, and free from care. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them! Are ye not much better than they?" The storms may come, and the cold winds may blow, and the snow and ice may fall. They have no wheat laid up in the storehouse. They have no warm home provided. What will they do? Ah! the same Great Power that brought them to the spot just at the moment when he wanted them to preach from, will take care of them! They do not know how to plough, or sow, or reap. They have not mind enough, nor strength enough, to sow or reap; but God will take care of them. He has already made the tree to grow in which they shall be sheltered. He knows just where every worm and every seed will be found for them when they are hungry.

So when Christ wants flowers to preach about, behold, the lilies stand in the field close by, and he points to them! What a multitude! How they hang, all painted, and dotted, and striped, and beautiful! Are his friends afraid that they will want for clothing? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" What a lesson does he teach! But think how the lilies were there, standing silent and still, like servants, before their Master, just at the time and place that Christ wanted them. They were all *his* servants.

At another time, men came to Christ

to collect a tax. He had no money. He had not been anxious about it. But now when it is wanted, where shall he get it? He tells Peter, one of his friends, to go down to the lake and throw in his fish-hook, and the first fish that he catches shall have in its mouth just the piece of money which is wanted. How beautiful! Who dropped that money into the lake? How long had it been lying at the bottom of the lake? What made the fish pick it up? And when the fish found that it was not food, why did he not reject it? How came he to bite at Peter's hook, when he had that money in his mouth? Who can answer these questions? But we know that the fish was a servant of Christ, to wait on him, just as really as a man would be, whom he might tell to go and get the money out of a drawer. All the fish of the great sea belong to Christ, and there is not one of them which he does not feed, and not one that is not his servant to wait on him.

At another time, when a great multitude of people were crowding around Christ, there was no place for him to stand and preach, and no place to which he could go to pray. So he spake to his disciples that a little ship should wait on him. Now this little boat waited on Christ to be his servant. But see how many things had to be done to get the servant ready! The tree out of which it was made had to be planted and watched over for many many years, so that no worm should kill it at the roots, so that no wind should break it at the top, so that no lightning should crush it into splinters. It had to grow into a great tree, and then it had to be made into boards, and a boat-builder had to be ready; and the iron for the nails had to be dug out of the earth and all made ready; and the knees which made the boat hold together had to grow, and everything got ready to build her. And when made, she must be there ready; and the disciples must be fishermen, so as to know how to manage a boat: and when Christ spoke to them to have the little ship wait on him, they had to be ready and willing to obey him! Thus, you see, it took a long time to get this servant ready to wait on Christ; but when he was ready to use it, the little ship was all ready for him!

You remember the beautiful account of our Saviour's riding into Jerusalem. One of the prophets had foretold, a long, long time before Christ was born, that he should ride upon an ass's colt. When the time came he had no ass. He was too poor to own one. So he sent his disciples to borrow one. They found it tied, where two roads came together. They took it, and the owner made no difficulty. It had no saddle, and never had anybody sat on its back before. It was a young, wild, unbroken creature. But Christ wanted it, and it was ready. It wanted a saddle, and his disciples take off their garments and put them on the colt's back. And now a great multitude go before and behind, and they sing and shout very loud; they cut down branches, and throw them all around the ass, but it does not feel afraid. Thus he can make the wild ass obey him, and wait on him to carry him, just as he could make it speak and rebuke the madness of a prophet. You will remember, too, that, at this very time when the ass waited on him, there were others also to do it. The multitude shouted, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" and when he got to the temple, there was a great company of little children, and they were able to sing, "Hosannah in the highest!" Thus you see that the most stupid creature in the world, the ass—and the most beautiful thing in the world, the little child—can both wait on Christ, and be his servants. He has only to say the word, and these shall all wait on him!

Do you remember how his disciples once came around Christ, and asked him about the temple, and Jerusalem, and the end of the world? He wanted a place in which to sit down, in full view of the temple and of the city, where he and they could see it all. Where should he go? There was no gentleman's country-seat, where he would be invited to go up into the piazza and view the scene! There was no beautiful carriage to take them round, and show them all the city. And yet there was a place prepared. A little to the east of the city rose up the Mount of Olivet; and there, under the spreading branches of the olive-tree, the Saviour sat down and looked down directly on the temple and on the city. A thousand men could not have built so

good a platform for him to sit on. No lofty building could have been raised so convenient. This mountain was the servant of Jesus Christ. It waited for him as really as the little ship; and when of old he laid (see first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians) the foundations of this mountain, he knew when and how he would sit down upon it, and describe the ruin of Jerusalem and the end of the world. He always found just such servants to wait on him as he needed. Did he want to show that he was Lord of the Sabbath and could heal diseases,—even such as nobody else could cure? Why, there was the pool of Bethesda, and there was the great multitude of sick folks, and there was the man who had been sick thirty-eight years. And these seemed all to be waiting for him to come and show his great power and mercy.

He wanted to be baptized and "fulfil all righteousness;" and all things waited for him. There was the river Jordan, and its waters were waiting for him. There was John the Baptist, wondering why Jesus should come to *him*. These all waited on Christ!

There were two places and two occasions when Christ needed help from the angels. One was when he had been out in the desert among the wild beasts, fasting and getting his soul ready to begin his work. It was before he began to preach. After being worn out with fasting forty days and forty nights, and tempted till he was very feeble,—probably too feeble to walk,—and when he had nothing to eat,—then the angels came to him and brought him food. They "ministered unto him."

The other time and place was the night before his death. He knew that on the morrow he must die. So he went out into a garden, where were trees and shadows, and there knelt down in prayer. He wanted a retired place, and this garden was ready for him. He was in great agony of soul, and wrestled with God in prayer till bloody sweat rolled from his face and fell in great drops upon the ground. Then his strength was gone. Then he was fainting. His disciples were asleep, and there was no one to hold up the head of the Saviour, and so an angel came and "strengthened him." Perhaps he whispered some sweet texts out of the Bible in his ear. Perhaps he brought some message of comfort from the Eternal Father. Perhaps he told him that his prayer, so earnest and so tearful, had been answered. We know not whether he helped him by holding up his weary head, by giving him a cup of cold water, or by whispering comfort to his soul. We only know that he needed the help of angels, and that they waited on him like the little ship, to do what he might wish.

Once, when on earth, Christ wanted to show a specimen of the people who live in heaven. So he took James and John and Peter, and went with them up a very high mountain. And there, away from men, with only these witnesses, he himself put on the garments of heaven. How his face shone! How his garments hung like melted silver upon him! How light seemed to pour out and to flash out from his whole person! Then two men, Moses, and Elijah the prophet, come to meet him. They also come in the robes of heaven! How glad they are to meet him! How honoured above all heaven, in having this opportunity of meeting him! They do not talk about banks, or ships, or factories, or shops, or business, or gains, or money; they do not talk about places of honour;—but they talk about his "death," which he was to die at Jerusalem! He wanted to talk with somebody about it; for he could not talk about it with his disciples. They could not understand it. They could not *believe* he would—so good and so holy a man—be put to death by wicked men! But Moses and Elijah understood it; and when he wanted to talk about it, they were there, all ready. He knew just where to find them, and just when they would come. They were like the little ship that waited upon him.

And when he came to die, he needed a tomb. He wanted to borrow one,—not as we want ours, till the resurrection day,—but for only three days. Where will his friends find one? They have taken down his body, and are in haste to put it somewhere. Just then a rich man recollects that he has been hewing a new tomb out of a solid rock, and that it is in his garden near at hand. A new tomb, and in a solid rock! No man had ever been buried in it. Christ had never needed it before; but now, at the very moment when needed, the

tomb is all ready! It finished, and it is waiting for him! The rock was created, and kept, and got ready, for this very purpose! Like the little ship, it waited upon him!

How strange it is! Christ was so poor that he had not where to lay his head, and yet you see how his servants were around him just when he needed them. It was as if he spake that they should wait on him, and they obeyed! He had his servants in the air, in the sea, in the fields, by the wayside, in the river, in the mountains, in the solitary garden, in the great city, in the grave, and everywhere. They came around him,—the lilies, the birds, the wild ass, the fish, the boat, the men, and the angels, just when he wanted them. The waters would bear him up, so that he could walk on them, to go to his friends, and out of a raging storm he could call the sweet calm, and it came!

It is a great thing to have a Saviour so great that he can feed us every day of our life, clothe us all our days, teach us in our ignorance, be with us when we are sick, and get all ready for us when we die! Yet this is but a small part of what Christ can do for every little boy and every little girl. He has angels that he can send, when you die, to carry your soul to him far up in the heaven of heavens. He has a place there,—a beautiful home there, for every one who loves him. The gates of heaven are his servants, and wait upon him, and open to let his friends come in when they die. He has the grave of every one prepared, where he puts the body to wait till he comes back to earth; and he has an angel whose trumpet, at the resurrection, will wake up every sleeper in the grave; and he has many angels besides, whom he will send out as the farmer sends to gather in his harvest, and who will bring his own people all to heaven. These all wait on him like the little ship.

The great trees wait on him, and shelter his birds, and give shade to his flocks, and fruit to men, and timber for their houses, or for their ships, and fuel for their fires. The mighty rivers are his, and they run in the channels he has made for them, and they water all the lands where they flow. The rocks are all his, and he uses one to make him a tomb, or others to make him a church. The silver and the gold are his, and he gives them, and takes them away just as he pleases,—uses them to print his Word, to send out his ministers, or to teach the little child in the Sabbath school. The Sabbath is his servant, sent to speak in a soft, solemn voice, and call men to him. The Bible is his servant,—sent out to instruct all the world, and lead men to Christ. All the angels in heaven, and all the robes of white there, and all the crowns of life there, and all the harps of gold there, are his servants. They all wait on him. And so will the ages of eternity all pass before him, for he "holds the keys of death and of hell, and he openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."

O children! he speaks to you, that every little child should wait on him, and be his friend and servant. And if that little ship that waited on him was honoured, how much more will that little boy or that little girl be honoured, who obeys him and loves him! Who of you will be thus honoured,—to have him bless you now, and bless you for ever in heaven?

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following important circular has just been issued under the direction of the Committee of the Society:—

"Dear Sirs,—It is with the deepest concern and regret that the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society ask your prompt and earnest consideration of the following facts, with regard to the condition of the people of Jamaica.

"During the past two years the island has suffered most fearfully from drought, so that the provision grounds, on which a very large portion of the peasantry depend for subsistence, have failed to afford them the means of support. The suffering thus occasioned has been severely aggravated by other causes. The American war has not only diminished

the supply of bread-stuffs, but made dearer what has come to hand. The increase in the cost of cotton goods, from the same cause, has been rendered more oppressive by the heavy customs' duty, which increases with the higher value of the articles, while at the same time the means of purchase have been largely diminished by the deficiency of employment on the estates and plantations.

"The want of employment and the failure of the provision grounds have therefore plunged large portions of the population into the depths of poverty. Their clothes are become ragged, and multitudes are almost naked. Petty thefts and the robbery of provision grounds, arising chiefly from absolute want, have more than doubled, rendering it necessary, in the judgment of the Governor of the Island, to build new prisons and to inflict heavier punishments.

"All moral and spiritual improvement is brought to a stand. Schools are broken up and the schoolmasters dismissed. The attendance at public worship has greatly declined, owing to the want of decent clothing. The pastors of the churches and congregations, dependent on their people for support, necessarily participate in this suffering, and unless promptly assisted will be deeply involved in debt, or driven from their posts. Thus one calamity will be added to another.

"We submit, for your kind consideration, a series of extracts from letters received by the Committee, which cannot be read without great pain. The Committee will be glad to receive from you and your friends such contributions, either of clothing or money, that you may be able to bestow, and to relieve, to the best of their ability, this great distress. Whatever can be done should be done quickly, and no time will be lost in forwarding to their afflicted brethren whatever may be intrusted to their care.

"We remain, on behalf of the Committee,

"Yours very respectfully,

"S. MORTON PETO,
"Treasurer.
"FREDERICK TRESTRAIL,
"EDWD. B. UNDERHILL,
"Secretaries.

"Baptist Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, London, January 16, 1865."

Extracts from a speech of the Hon. A. Whitelock, in the House of Assembly:—

"He (Mr. Whitelock) would make one assertion which could not be gainsaid—that taxation could not be extended; not one farthing more could be imposed on the people, who were suffering peculiar hardships in the increased value of wearing apparel, which was now taxed beyond all bounds. Actually they were paying 20 per cent. now, when 11 per cent. was before considered an outrageous ad valorem duty. Cotton goods, including osnaburghs, and all the wearing apparel of the labouring classes, have increased 200 per cent. in value; what was fourpence per yard, is now selling for a shilling per yard. Therefore the people are now paying three-halfpence of duty on every yard of cloth instead of a halfpenny, which has been justly described as a heavy impost. The consequence is, that a disgusting state of nudity exhibited itself in some parts of the country. Hardly a boy under ten years of age wore a frock, and adults, from the ragged state of their garments, exhibited those parts of the body where covering was especially wanted. The lower classes hitherto exhibited a proneness for dress, and we could not believe such a change would have come over them but for their destitution, arising out of a reduction of their wages at a time every article of apparel was tripled in value.

"This year's decrease in imports foreshadowed what was coming. Sugar was down to £11 per hogshead; coffee was falling; pimento valueless; logwood scarcely worth cutting. Moreover, a sad diminution effected in our chief staple exports from a deficiency of rain."

From the Rev. J. Clark, Brown's-town:—

"Crime has fearfully increased. The number of prisoners in the penitentiary and gaols is considerably more than double the average, and nearly all for one crime—larceny. Summonses for petty debts disclose an amount of pecuniary suffering which has never before been experienced, and applications for parochial and private relief prove that multitudes are suffering from want little removed from starvation.

"Our congregations (I cannot speak of all parts of the island, but of this particular portion of it), which for nearly thirty years have been crowded, frequently to overflowing, are diminished one-half. Contributions are so reduced that we cannot pay our way; exclusions are so numerous as to cause the deepest anxiety; conversions, I fear, there are none. In consequence of the excessive droughts and prevailing epidemic, spiritual distress and depression are aggravated by poverty and affliction.

"Our prospects for the young are gloomy in the extreme. Parents do not send them to school. Brother D—— has had to give up his schools; my teacher at F—— has left and gone to ——, as the people could not pay the small fees; and the Education Society has withdrawn the five pounds they had, for two years or so, kindly given. All the reports I have from Kingston, Spanish-town, &c., are discouraging, and withdrawal from the means of grace seems to be universal over the island. What is to become of the people I know not. In fine weather and good roads we have from 150 to 300 people instead of 1,000. As to income, it has sorely fallen off."

From the Rev. J. Clarke, Savanna la Mar:—

"We had two weeks ago eighteen cases on the calendar for our circuit court; ten and twelve are being sent to prison from our petty courts almost weekly. Assaults, housebreaking, robbing of provision grounds, prevail as they never did before; and the Governor in his opening address to the House of Assembly recommends a return to *flogging* and the *treadmill* to put a stop to the dire evils that afflict the land. I might give you sheets filled with quotations from letters from many of my brethren to show you that the disease affects the whole island; but I suppose most who write will tell their own tale of distress and painful apprehension."

From the Rev. G. Milliner, of Bethsalem:—

"You perhaps have been informed of the bad state of the island physically, morally, and religiously. I never witnessed such a depressed state of things. Were it not for the promises of God's Word, I should despair of seeing any improvement. But God can, and doubtless will, in his good time, chase away the darkest cloud, and cause light to arise out of darkness."

From the Rev. W. M. Webb, of Stewart-town:—

"Sin abounds on every side, and the love of many in the churches seems to be waxing cold. Whether from want of money, or from want of clothing, or from want of both, perhaps from want of all, our chapels are very scantily attended. The only Sabbath on which we may count for a pretty good congregation is the Sabbath of the

Lord's Supper. There is no doubt many of our poorer members have not the necessary clothing to appear even decent in the house of God. You may judge of the state of our finances.

"The day-school now has sadly decreased in numbers. The one at Gibraltar I have closed for the present until I can see my way clear to support it."

From the Rev. B. Millard, of St. Ann's Bay:—

"The general state of trade is very bad. The labour market is overstocked. Hundreds of people cannot get work, and the scarcity of ground provisions throughout this district, together with the want of rain (save the last week in May), renders the pressure the greater.

"The general cry is, *everywhere*,—'Money is scarce; clothing is enormously high; living is difficult.' One consequence is, that our means to carry on the schools will lessen, and the difficulty of parents to clothe their families will be increased."

The following extracts are from various private letters:—

"Many of the friends say they are making an effort to bring something for the Jubilee Fund next month, but everything is so dear and money so scarce, that I fear we shall get but little in. Many of them cannot come to chapel for want of decent clothing. There seems to be the same cry at every station, and the schools are very low. Mr. D. says he never felt so much discouraged as he does now with the condition of things."

"Everything is so very high that we are getting quite bare. I am greatly in need of a piece of calico, but cannot afford to buy it at 1s. 4d. a yard. . . . Everything is so dull and discouraging now, and clothing is so dear that parents say they cannot afford to buy clothes for their children to come to school."

"There is much sickness all around us, and great distress. We had Mr. W. last Sunday. The congregation was good, but the collection very small. There are a few offerings for the Jubilee Fund, but they are small and come in very slowly. Mr. H. preached the Sunday school sermon on the 27th, and made a collection, which amounted only to six dollars.

"In spiritual things we are far behind. The pressure of the times seems to operate sadly against our spiritual progress; still we are making efforts to strengthen the things that remain lest they also die. In money matters we are also very low.

"It is with regret I have to say that recently there has been a sad neglect of the house of God on the Sabbath day in this district. In these parishes the people are willing to work, but there is no employment."

"Save a week in May we have been suffering very much from dry weather. The drought has been very severe. Canes have been put in two or three times, and burnt up. Ground provisions have not grown, and accordingly we are not A 1 here. Crop, business, food, money, are at zero. It is hard work for some, and many of the people cannot get clothes for themselves and families."

"The distress of the people is great. Breadkind scarce and dear. Employment difficult to obtain, and wages very small. The pimento crop is short, and will not, it is feared, pay for picking. Our congregations have been sadly reduced by the inability of large numbers of the people to provide clothing for themselves and children. . . . This will be the saddest year the Baptist Mission in Jamaica has ever known. Some brethren write to me about leaving; they cannot, they say, remain without being ruined and disgraced."

"Labour in Jamaica is fifty per cent. cheaper than it was ten years ago, and the necessaries of life the people have to purchase are fifty per cent. dearer."

"In some parts of the country rain is much needed. Next year's sugar crops in this parish will be very small. Estates that make usually 250 or 300 hogsheads will not make more than 150 or 100, and others in proportion. We have had a few showers lately which have been special blessings."

"One-half of our people cannot come to chapel for want of clothes, and a large portion cannot get food to eat. The little the drought has left the thieves are stealing. The applications for help are beyond one's power to meet."

"We are passing through trying times. No work for the people, consequently no money and no food."

"You will be sorry to hear that Brother —— has been sick—quite a sudden attack. He is better again; but I have many fears of his health. His pecuniary anxieties are a great burden. His family expenses so large, and his church income sadly falling off. I do not know how some of the brethren, with large families, are to get through their difficulties."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

PERSECUTION OF BAPTISTS ON THE CONTINENT.—We are sorry to know that the history of religious persecution is by no means ended, so far as the continent of Europe is concerned. Constantly fresh accounts reach us of persecutions to which our own brethren especially are subjected; though the calmness they generally display under their sufferings, and the patience with which they "endure," give us fresh cause again and again to "glorify God in them." Notwithstanding the efforts of our honoured friend, Mr. Oncken, which were detailed at length in our last number, our brethren in Russia continue to suffer—though it must be added that their sufferings are generally caused by the zeal of local officials, and have in no sense the sanction of the Imperial Government. One case of persecution has just reached us from Southern Russia. Two young men there have ventured to leave the Greek Church and be "baptized into the death of Christ." Both of them were converted through intercourse with our brethren and reading the New Testament. One of them is a Wallachian, and the other a Russian; the former was a servant in the family of one of our

brethren; the latter was apprentice with another as a shoemaker. Persecution followed immediately on their confession of Christ; the master and servant were both arrested, but were afterwards released on bail; but the shoemaker and his apprentice fared worse; the former was only released on bail after three months' imprisonment, and the latter is still incarcerated! Three others were also put under arrest, though not imprisoned, for being present at the baptism. The administrator of the ordinance left directly, and the police could not find him, as he was not a resident in the place. Later intelligence states that one of the three spectators has been imprisoned, and the others expect it daily. Nor is it only in Russia that persecution for conscience' sake is attempted. Mr. Freitag, our energetic missionary at Königsberg, has again brought on himself the displeasure of the Lutheran clergy, who have accused him before the civil authorities of making use, at a meeting held at Posselau, of language derogatory to the dignity of the doctrines of the State Church. We are happy to find that his trial before the judicial court has ended in a verdict of "Not guilty." The following account, extracted from the *East Prussian Gazette (Ostpreussische Zeitung)* is pronounced by Mr. Freitag as tolerably correct:—

"Amongst the Lutherans present was the servant of the rector of St. Lorenz, who had reported to his master his own version of the sermon preached by the Baptist, and had also told him the names of all the Posselau Lutherans who were present to hear it, mostly servants and peasants. The next time any of these people appeared at the communion-table in the Lutheran Church, the clergyman took them on one side and compelled them to give him an account of the meeting, taking down in writing all they said, and on this he founded a charge against Freitag and had him arrested. The accused does not at all give the impression, from his appearance, of an enthusiast, but rather appears to be an honest and truly religious man, deeply imbued with the 'sweet truths of the Gospel,' as he repeatedly called them. He speaks gently, though impressively, chooses his words carefully and yet speaks fluently, assuming frequently the clerical tone of voice. He refutes the charge in every point. As far as he can remember, the subjects of baptism and the holy communion were only cursorily mentioned in his sermon, which was from the Gospel parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and was founded on the words, 'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' He says: 'The indifference of the people went to my heart; therefore I set before them the punishment of eternity, and then tried to make clear to them the only way of escape, viz., by regeneration, for I said, "Baptism alone, without personal faith in Christ, will be of no avail." The everlasting welfare of the peoples is my heart's desire, and I said plainly that God loves all men, without respect of person or confession. On another occasion, February 7th, I spoke of baptism, and brought forward the language of our highly-honoured Dr. Martin Luther in favour of immersion, or, as he calls it, "The dipping under of the whole body, so that the waves meet over the baptized, and not the sprinkling of a part." The word "*taufen*" is derived from the German word "*tiefe*," depth; in old German, "*teufe*."' The accused also denies having ridiculed any other form of the rite: he only explained the difference. Again he says: 'With respect to the communion of the holy supper, I said in the meeting at Posselau, in March, that without faith it profiteth nothing, and I endeavoured plainly to set before the people that it is a wrong use of the ordinance, practised throughout Christendom, for people to go at stated times to the holy communion just because it is customary to do so. I also spoke against the theory that the wine is actually changed into the blood of Christ. But *I did not say*, as I am accused of doing, that the Lutherans trample under foot the blood of Christ; and *I did not* make any such remarks on the Lutheran rite of baptism as are attributed to me in the charge drawn up against me. Further, *I did not say* that the baptismal and confirmation certificates of the State Church are valueless, but I said, "Without the new birth they are valueless." I, moreover, entirely deny having called the Lutherans "unbaptized heathens," and I did not once make use of the derisive term "parson." Gentlemen,' said the defendant in conclusion, 'were these accusations which are brought against me true, I should be ashamed to stand here before you.'

"The witnesses for the prosecution plainly showed, by their conduct and conversation, that they belong to a class of persons utterly incapable of so comprehending a sermon as to be able to give anything like a correct report of it. A striking instance of this is that the principal witness, Orth, the rector's servant, always spoke of the sermon as founded on the Gospel of 'the poor man and rich Lazarus.' The only witness for the prosecution who was able to express herself with any degree of propriety was the dressmaker Schneider; but she heard the sermon through the floor, for she was in her own room on the next story of the house. She said that the ceiling was so thin that she could hear quite distinctly. She said she was in bed, but could not sleep, for the service lasted from seven till ten in the evening, and after that the Baptists sat down to the sacrament. Another witness, also a dressmaker, named Rosalie Müller, although called for the prosecution, spoke in favour of the defendant, on which the counsel for the prosecution, Dr. Tuchen, asked her if she was thinking of becoming a Baptist. The counsel for the defence, Dr. Meitzen, remonstrated against such a question, but

the judge said the counsel had a right to put it. 'Then,' replied Dr. Melteen, 'I must request the learned judge to give the witness to understand that she is not compelled to answer to a question of conscience.' The Judge: 'I have no right to do so.' Dr. Tuchen: 'I repeat the question—Are you thinking of becoming a Baptist?' Rosalie Müller: 'That is a matter of conscience.' Dr. Tuchen: 'Then you admit that there is a possibility of it?' *No* reply. The counsel for the prosecution then said that in consequence of the incapacity of the witnesses he was willing to let the case rest on one point only, on which he considered the defendant had admitted his guilt. He therefore called upon the jury to sentence the defendant to three months' imprisonment for making light of the holy sacrament of the church.

The jury, on the contrary, gave a verdict of "Not guilty," and the prisoner was released. Such cases, however, call loudly for our sympathy, and for that moral aid which Christians in England have the power to render.

DOMESTIC.

HALLFIELD CHAPEL, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—The first annual tea-meeting of the church and congregation assembling in this place was held on Tuesday, Jan. 3rd. The spacious school-room, which had been tastefully decorated, was insufficient to accommodate, at one sitting down, the numerous guests. The public meeting was, of necessity, held in the chapel; the pastor, the Rev. J. Makepeace, presiding. In his opening speech, the chairman referred to the reasons for thankfulness which the review of their past brief history could not fail to suggest. About fourteen months only had elapsed since the opening of the chapel, and though losses had been sustained through death, yet there had been, from all sources, a nett increase to the original fellowship of about sixty members. The Sabbath school, too, had already proved a nursery to the church. Their Pure Literature Society had put into circulation more than two thousand periodicals within a few months. A generous spirit also was prevalent among the people, which indeed was manifested by the fact that no fewer than one hundred and ten trays had been readily given for the regalement of their friends that day. After the chairman, the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., President of Rawdon College, made a thoughtful speech, on "The Ecclesiastical and Doctrinal Aspects of the Times." He was followed by the Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., of Manchester, in an admirable address, on "The Social Tendencies of the Age, and the Necessity of Watchfulness against their Perils." The Rev. H. J. Betts spoke next, kindly and wisely; and then came the Rev. J. P. Chown—from whose church at Sion Chapel the one at Hallfield is an offshoot—in a congratulatory strain and with visible emotion; assuring the assembled friends how thoroughly the whole mother church with himself rejoiced in all the successes of the past, and wished them God speed in the future. Other addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wood, and Messrs. J. Cooke, G. Osborne, W. Stead, and W. Simpson. During the evening, pieces were sung by the choir. A few days before the meeting a generous Christmas gift had been presented to the pastor.

WALWORTH ROAD CHAPEL, LONDON.—The members of the church and congregation formerly worshipping at the Baptist chapel, Lion Street, New Kent Road, have, during the past year, removed to a more commodious structure in Walworth Road, where a large and handsome chapel, with suitable appurtenances and large school-rooms, have been erected. Although a very large expense was incurred in erecting the new chapel, yet before the respected pastor (the Rev. William Howieson) preached his first sermon in it, the cost was entirely met, and the new chapel opened free from debt, to the great joy of the friends. Very great efforts were also made to meet the cost of the new Sunday schools, and arrangements are now made by which the debt upon the schools will be liquidated within a limited period. Although to carry out the desired objects many friends connected with the chapel and the schools made great sacrifices, both of time and money, foremost among the whole were Mr. J. E. Treasidder, who for ten years was the indefatigable honorary secretary of the New Chapel Building Fund, and Mr. W. E. Beal, the superintendent of the Sunday schools, who has given invaluable services on behalf of the schools. The members of the church and congregation resolved to depart from their usual course and present both of these gentlemen with a mark of recognition of their services. The time fixed for this was on Monday evening, January 9th, at the conclusion of the ordinary business of the church-meeting held in the new school-room, and presided over by the Rev. William Howieson, pastor. Mr. Joseph Burgess, a deacon, made the presentation (which consisted of an elegant silver tea-service) in the most appropriate manner, to Mr. Treasidder. Mr. W. H. Watson, with equal appropriateness, made the presentation (of a valuable timepiece) to Mr. Beal. Both the presentations were suitably acknowledged, and Mr. Howieson closed the meeting with prayer.

KING STREET, BRISTOL.—On Wednesday evening, December 28th, a tea-meeting was held at the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Old King Street, Bristol, for the purpose of taking farewell of Mr. Richard Sampson, student at the Bristol Baptist College, who has just accepted the pastorate of the church at St. Austell, Cornwall. Mr. Sampson having been long and usefully connected with the church, and taken an active part in its various organizations, his numerous friends and well-wishers availed themselves of this opportunity of presenting him with some tangible token of their personal regard and acknowledgment of his past services. Accordingly, the secretary, on behalf of the Sabbath school teachers, presented him with an appropriate address, beautifully written on vellum and framed, signed by the whole of the officers and teachers, together with forty-four volumes of books selected from Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Mr. James Smith, on behalf of the choral society, presented him with a handsome and valuable timepiece, with an appropriate inscription, and also Lange's *Life of Christ* (five vols.) and Alford's Greek Testament (four vols.); Mr. W. H. W. Bush, his former Sabbath school teacher, with a beautifully-bound volume, *Trench on the Miracles;* and Mr. J. C. Cumming, on behalf of the deacons, with an elegant tea and coffee service. Mr. Sampson appropriately acknowledged the kindness of his friends, whom he thanked for the very substantial tokens of regard with which he had been favoured. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Gotch (chairman), and the Rev. N. Haycroft, both of whom spoke highly of Mr. Sampson and his suitability for the position he was about to occupy. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. W. Foote and Mr. Ripon, of Honiton; Messrs. George Drinkwater, William Smith, Organ, and J. Sampson, sen.

LYNN, NORFOLK.—On Thursday evening, December 29th, a *soirée* was held in the school-room of Stepney Chapel, Lynn, to commemorate the completion of twenty-five years' ministry by the Rev. J. T. Wigner, and to present that gentleman with a splendid illuminated memorial (framed and glazed), and a testimonial consisting of a purse containing £220, from the members and friends meeting in Stepney Chapel, and a few beyond the limits of that congregation. Mr. Wigner came to Lynn on the 29th December, 1839, having been chosen to the pastorate of the church then worshipping in the Baptist chapel, Broad Street. Here he continued to labour with great success, the congregation rapidly increasing under his ministrations. In the year 1840, it was determined to erect a new and larger chapel; and the following year the present Stepney Chapel was opened. This was done at a cost of about £3,000, all of which has been paid several years since. A capacious school-room (that in which the *soirée* was held), at the rear of the chapel, and a chapel at West Lynn, have also been erected through the exertions of Mr. Wigner, at a cost of about £1,200—a small debt only remaining on the school. These facts, together with the completion by the rev. gentleman of a quarter of a century's ministry in the town, were the cause of the present meeting. Tea, coffee, &c., were served at five o'clock, of which about three hundred individuals partook. After tea, Mr. R. S. Baker occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with some appropriate remarks. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich; J. P. Lewis, of Diss; W. Woods, of Swaffham; J. Green, of Yarmouth; J. L. Whitley, of Durham; Mr. W. Armes, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Harcourt. The memorial, with the purse, was presented by the chairman, and suitably acknowledged by Mr. Wigner.

CHIPPING NORTON, OXON.—On Wednesday evening, January 11th, a public meeting was held in this place for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. William Green, on his departure for another sphere of labour. Neutral ground was fixed upon for the gathering, and application being made to the mayor for the Town-hall, it was kindly granted. The room, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens and appropriate devices, was crowded in every part; about 300 persons were present. After tea, the Rev. W. Hodges, of Stow-on-Wold, read, and the Rev. W. Cherry, of Milton, engaged in prayer. As the oldest friend of Mr. Green present, the Rev. R. Nightingale, of Prince's End, Tipton, who had been invited over for the occasion, was moved into the chair. After his address, which was expressive of great good feeling for their guest, he called Mr. Robert Parsons, the treasurer of the fund, to make the presentation, which he did in the most graceful manner, of a purse containing £50. Mr. Green, deeply moved by the kindness of his friends, replied in a speech which served to thrill the audience with emotion, as well from the force of the truths which he uttered and the appeals that he made, as from the thought that they were about to lose his services at Chipping Norton. The meeting was subsequently addressed by W. Bliss, Esq., of Chipping Norton; Rev. W. T. Henderson, of London; Mr. Thomas Williams (senior